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THE NEW YORKER

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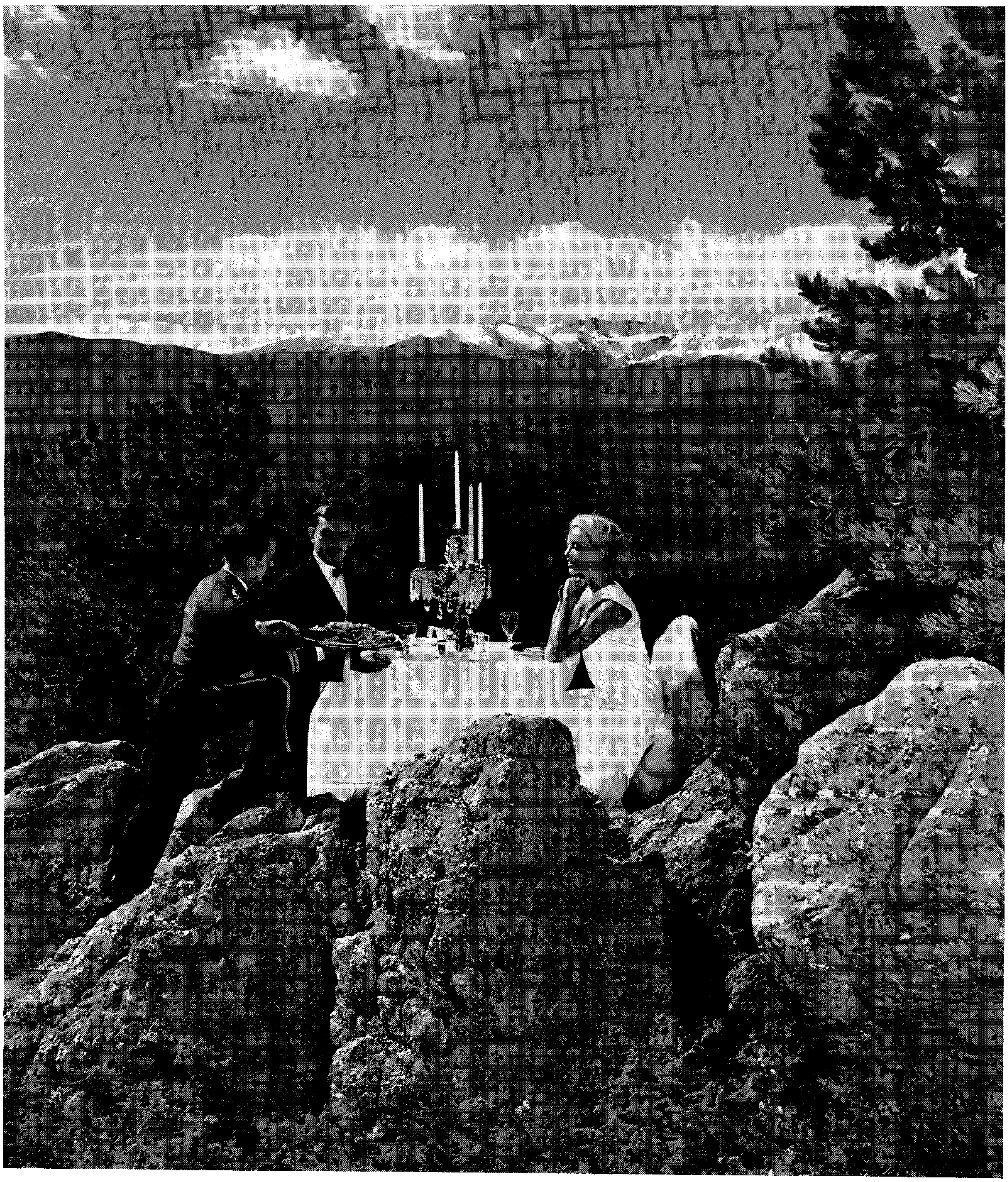

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; New Year's Day at 3; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7 and 10.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Indians—Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill in this rousing phantasmagorical account, by Arthur Kopit, of the white man's centuries-long betrayal of the Indian. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A four-character comedy by Neil Simon, with James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. Robert Moore is the director. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 27, except Christmas. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 28. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Love Is a Time of Day—Sandy Duncan and Tom Ligon in a comedy by John Patrick. Bernard Thomas directed. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Makbeth—A strenuous exercise, with moments of ingenuity here and there. All in all, pretty wearing; any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas Eve, at 8:30.)

Mirele Efros—A two-week revival of Jacob Gordin's play, in Yiddish, starring Ida Kaminska. Opens Christmas matinée and will run through Sunday, Jan. 4. Simultaneous-translation sets may be rented. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day at 3.)

The Moon Dreamers—An elaborate put-on by Julie Bovasso. There are a few entertaining moments, but the unbroken facetiousness grows very tiresome. (Ellen Stewart Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. A recent offering downtown, it will reopen uptown on Tuesday, Dec. 30, and run through Saturday, Jan. 10. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Our Town—Thornton Wilder's dark and sunny examination of small-town life and death has been given an agreeable production by the Plumstead Playhouse. On hand are Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Elizabeth Hartman, Ed Begley, and Harvey Evans. Directed by Donald Driver. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 27.)

Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company—Seven performances of TWELFTH NIGHT, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, and Fri-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Jan. 2, all at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2 and 8:30.)

Passing Through from Exotic Places—A trio of cardboard one-acters, but with a funny performance by Oliver Clark as a dishevelled Peace Corps volunteer. Ronald Ribman is the playwright. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Noël Coward's comedy is well on its way to immortality, and the present production, with Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, is a worthy seventieth-birthday present to the Master. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Vaclav Havel's **THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY OF CONCENTRATION**, a heavily ironic farce that aims at satire. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Friday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 27.)

Seven Days of Mourning—A self-designated fable about a poor, bedevilled Jewish family forbidden to mourn an idiot girl who has committed suicide, and about the exorcism of their demons by an insistent little fellow who calls himself "the Doctor." The situation is grim, and the references are Talmudic and special, but there is much more humor in the play than you might expect. Seymour Simckes is the dramatist. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Mondays through Fridays—except New Year's Day—and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

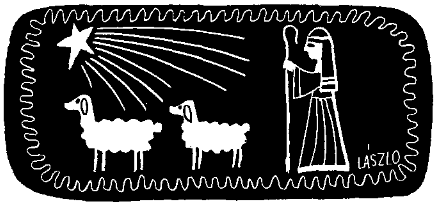
Slave Ship—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Nightly, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Men on a Horse—A marvellous revival of the nineteen-thirties farce by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. The admirable cast includes Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, Dorothy Loudon, Paul Ford, Rosemary Prinz, and Leon Janney. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 2:30.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Julie Harris and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8:30; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, and New Year's Day, at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day.)



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MUSICALS

Coco—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day, in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy—Not a humdrum musical comedy for the reason that there is literally nothing to hum. Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson are valiant in vain. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

Sambo—A musical with a score by Neal Tate and words by Ron Steward. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein's First Reader—A revue adapted by Herbert Machiz from Miss Stein's work of the same name, with a score by Ann Sternberg. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Christmas at 3 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7 and 10.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinées Christmas and New Year's Day.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Christmas at 3 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3 and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 7 and 10.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Across the threadbare cuffedge he saw the sea hailed as a great sweet mother by the wellfed voice beside him. The ring of bay and skyline held a dull green mass of liquid. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and New Year's Eve at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 8:30; Christmas at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8:30; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Reopens on Friday, Dec. 26, with a new cast headed by Phyllis Diller. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Keith Michell plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 8:30; Christmas at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8:30; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8:30.)... **PROMISES,**

PROMISES: Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.) . . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 11. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 4:15 and 8:15; Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 28, and Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 1:15 and 5:15; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:15 and 8:15; Friday, Jan. 2, at 6:15; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Starting Thursday, Dec. 25, a rock group known as Rhinoceros will be onstage. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments. Closed Christmas Eve.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet plays six nights a week. Fridays through Sundays, and New Year's Eve, singer Anita O'Day will also be on hand. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, rather depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, George Reed, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do. Closed Christmas Eve.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Freddie Hubbard quintet. On Thursday, Jan. 1, the Elvin Jones trio will come in.

TONY PARENTI'S CLUB, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd Street in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays. Closed Christmas Eve.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio takes turns with the pianist Toshiko. On Thursday, Jan. 1, Mose Allison's trio will succeed them. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. Dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-31, the Herbie Mann octet will alternate with Brute Force. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, the Miles Davis quintet will play. Shows at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Roland Kirk's ebullient sextet makes the most of it. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed New Year's Day.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte.* Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele look satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Christmas Eve.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Chelsea Beige and Dreams make some sounds. Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-31, Shanana will also be here. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Between record sets, a group called What Four entertains. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff. Closed Christmas.

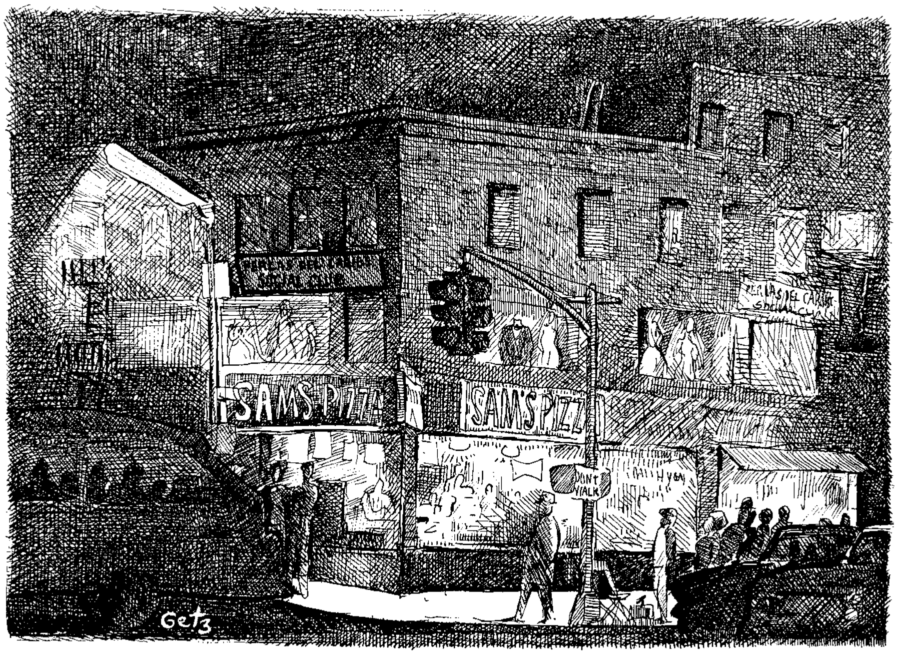
WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Elephant's Memory does. On Friday, Dec. 26, Silver Caboose will arrive. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "A Whole Lot of Love," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Except for the Colony Club and the Colony Restaurant, it's the last of the thirteen original colonies. Under the eye of Billy Reed, it is undergoing major urban renewal, in case there is any posterity. George Cort's band presides in the dance arena. The music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose regimental band toured many of the same colonies in early days, is bivouacking, with band, in the calm, collected restaurant of this hotel. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Ray McKinley's fair-to-middling big band, which has come in off the road and out of the cold, is warming up from six until two during the week, one until eight on Sundays. The other band should have stayed on the road. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—



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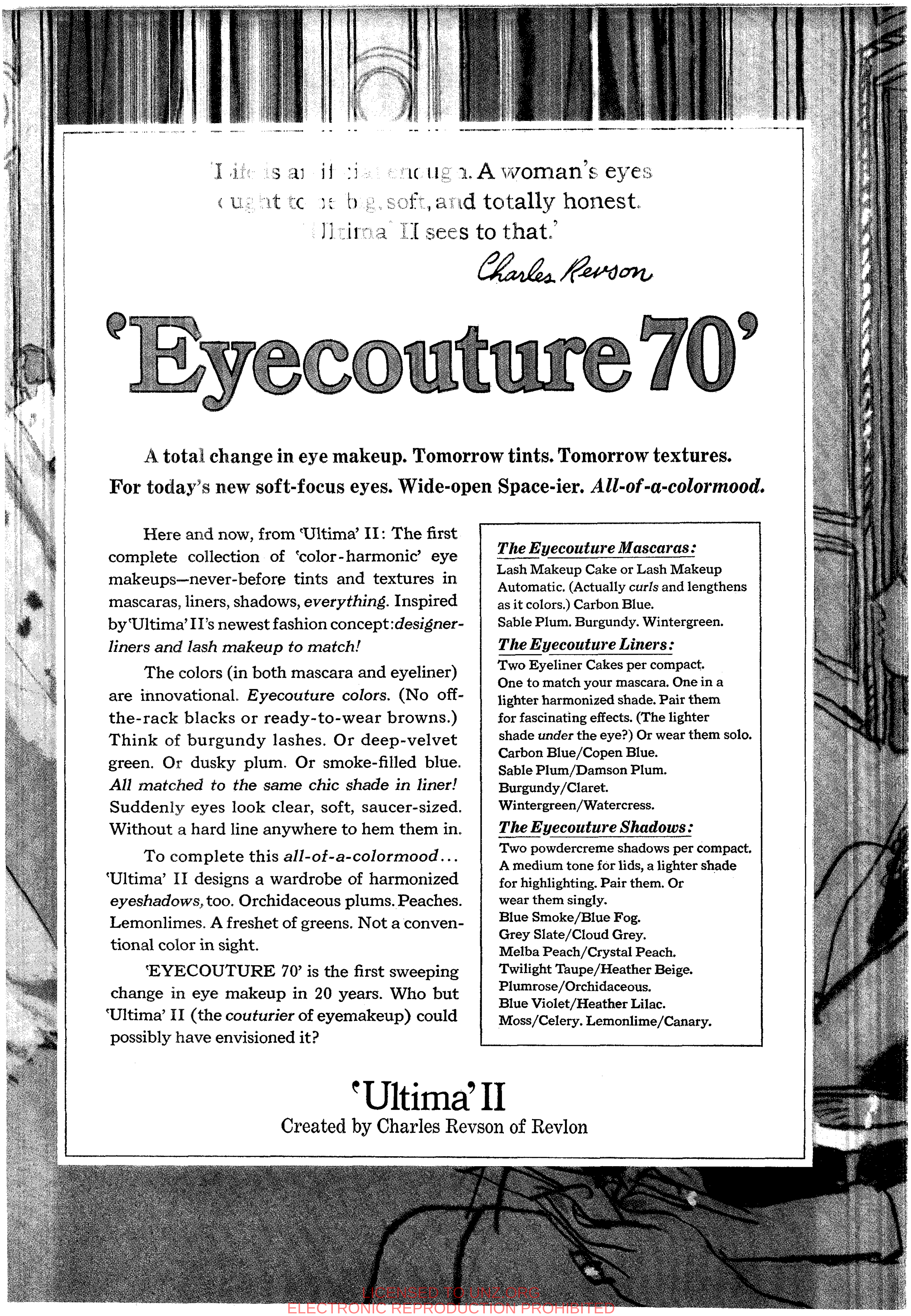


'Life is artificial enough. A woman's eyes
ought to be big, soft, and totally honest.
'Ultima' II sees to that.'

Charles Revson

'Eyecouture 70'

A total change in eye makeup. Tomorrow tints. Tomorrow textures. For today's new soft-focus eyes. Wide-open Space-ier. *All-of-a-colormood.*

Here and now, from 'Ultima' II: The first complete collection of 'color-harmonic' eye makeups—never-before tints and textures in mascaras, liners, shadows, *everything*. Inspired by 'Ultima' II's newest fashion concept: *designer-liners and lash makeup to match!*

The colors (in both mascara and eyeliner) are innovational. *Eyecouture colors.* (No off-the-rack blacks or ready-to-wear browns.) Think of burgundy lashes. Or deep-velvet green. Or dusky plum. Or smoke-filled blue. *All matched to the same chic shade in liner!* Suddenly eyes look clear, soft, saucer-sized. Without a hard line anywhere to hem them in.

To complete this *all-of-a-colormood*... 'Ultima' II designs a wardrobe of harmonized *eyeshadows*, too. Orchidaceous plums. Peaches. Lemonlimes. A freshet of greens. Not a conventional color in sight.

'EYECOUTURE 70' is the first sweeping change in eye makeup in 20 years. Who but 'Ultima' II (the *couturier* of eyemakeup) could possibly have envisioned it?

The Eyecouture Mascaras:

Lash Makeup Cake or Lash Makeup Automatic. (Actually *curls* and lengthens as it colors.) Carbon Blue.
Sable Plum. Burgundy. Wintergreen.

The Eyecouture Liners:

Two Eyeliner Cakes per compact. One to match your mascara. One in a lighter harmonized shade. Pair them for fascinating effects. (The lighter shade *under* the eye?) Or wear them solo.
Carbon Blue/Copen Blue.
Sable Plum/Damson Plum.
Burgundy/Claret.
Wintergreen/Watercress.

The Eyecouture Shadows:

Two powdercreme shadows per compact. A medium tone for lids, a lighter shade for highlighting. Pair them. Or wear them singly.
Blue Smoke/Blue Fog.
Grey Slate/Cloud Grey.
Melba Peach/Crystal Peach.
Twilight Taupe/Heather Beige.
Plumrose/Orchidaceous.
Blue Violet/Heather Lilac.
Moss/Celery. Lemonlime/Canary.

'Ultima' II
Created by Charles Revson of Revlon

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

the fox trot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and an acceptable one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He does two turns an evening (nine-thirty and midnight), and every evening.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Felicia Sanders, our one Isolde while the Met lay fallow, is still dealing out her super-songs of passion—Mondays at eleven, then at ten and twelve up to Saturday, when she begins at nine-thirty and ends at one. Irving Joseph's trio adds background and beneficence to the deal. To this outpouring of dynamics, Joan Rivers, a polemicist of renown, will be added the nights of Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play instruments that don't grow on trees (well, a Persian dumbek), or do they? A touring Israeli rock-and-roll foursome is guilty of unnecessary noise, but the rest is parochial fun. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The new local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," is not altogether pleased with some aspects of the current edition of civilization, and says so—half the time in words of pretty good wisdom. Except for Pam Meyers, the cast is B-minus. Diatribes twice a night, except on Sundays and Christmas Eve.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out—i.e., Bavarian in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Christmas Eve, Christmas, or Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box is proceeding for the moment by fits (Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27) and starts (Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 29-31). Tony Sandler and partner (not, unfortunately, a silent one) will be onstage during both dinner and supper except on New Year's Eve, a supper-only occasion. Mr. Sandler happens to be a most personable persiflager, which helps a lot. In between all this, there will be music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an army perfect at minding its p's and cues.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, a fine set of sentimental gentlemen from Barcelona, end their amiable song-and-prance act on New Year's Eve. On New Year's Day, Rafael de Cordova and his Ballet Español will take over. Twice a night, always, is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Leo Rivera and the voice of Domingo Alvarado. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—In this, the Age of Aquarius, singers of the New Wave spring up (and sometimes sound) like dragons' teeth, and here is Oliver, on the crest of a million-record crop, to intone twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the lounge, where music begins at ten, you can almost see the stars over the Nevada desert when the lights go down.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Any group led by Bobby Hackett is always on the silver standard because of the sound of his solitary, winding hunting horn. (Vic Dickenson, John Ulrich, Jimmy Madison, and Franklyn Skeete are the Hackett bodyguard.) Add to this the Teddy Wilson trio and the net result is bliss. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is host—in its own special, grandiloquent way—to Roslyn Kind, who adroitly goes through a long, professionally organized song recital without in any way endangering her amateur standing. She does this during dinner and supper, except on New Year's Eve (one very late deal, and black-tie, at that). Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's play with obvious enthusiasm on and on into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** reopens on Tuesday, Dec. 30, to accommodate the Newport Jazz All-Stars. George Wein, naturally, is the dean, and on his honors list are Red Norvo, Barney Kessel, Ruby Braff, Larry Ridley, and Lenny McBrowne. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio will be chipping in with music for further listening and music for footwork. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Eight is the usual starting time. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. He occupies the Edwardian Room only until nine on Christmas, but on New Year's Eve his orchestra will play there for dancing from ten until two. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu. New Year's Eve, dancing from ten until two. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sermons from this mount are wordless, because they are delivered, politely but firmly, by the horn of Jonah Jones, in whose quartet Cozy Cole also labors mightily. Carmel Quinn, who sort of sings a couple of times a night, has no message at all to deliver. The sound goes on from eight until two, and until three on New Year's Eve. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—What is sunnily called the World's Greatest Jazz Band is a reasonable facsimile of the promise implicit in the title, for it amounts to Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr. Joe Venuti's quartet (Jack Lesberg, Lou Stein, and Cliff Leeman are his helpmeets) trade places with it now and then. The music goes from seven to one (two on Saturdays), and so does the dancing. Closed Sundays, Mondays, Christmas Eve, and New Year's Day.

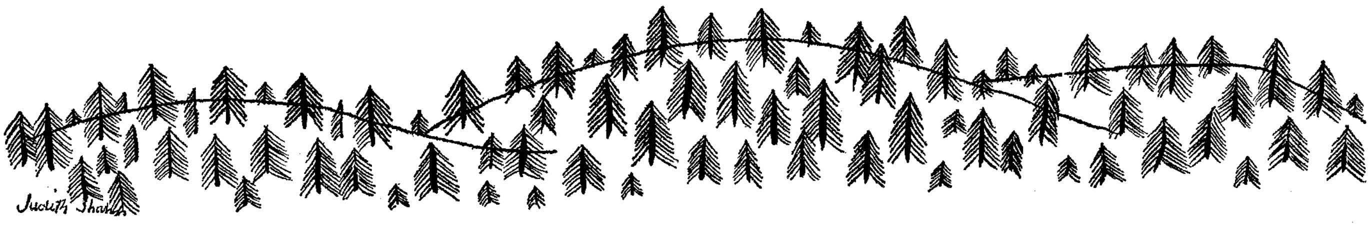
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, endowed with so many worldly goods (and no bads), runs its steady course of perpetual music (Quintero's faithful family retainers and a good new band led by Hal Turner) except when, amid dinner and supper, Thelma Carpenter sings, ever so persuasively, the songs she has always been fond of. Her final night is Wednesday, Dec. 31. Friday, Jan. 2, Luisito Rey, up from Buenos Aires, starts singing. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room is on short rations: only Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27. Guests at the dinner and supper table will be on full rations, though, including the Four Seasons, piping their tunes of the day, and Charles Turecamo's dance orchestra. . . . ¶ The aulder lang syne gets, the more Guy Lombardo pays his respects to it—this year, as ever, on New Year's Eve (black tie) in the Grand Ballroom, with his Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police as band and Helen O'Connell as caroller.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600) : Eat, drink, and be merry, for not until morning does Bobby Short cease and desist from his labor of songs of love (requited, benighted, delighted). Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are, as always, his devoted sidemen. They bow out on New Year's Eve, and on Friday, Jan. 2, Mabel Mercer, another of our rare one-of-a-kinds, will resume her recitals of one-of-a-kind lieder, to the piano of Jimmy Lyons. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays and Christmas. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself. Closed Christmas. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this



bar-and-grill. Muriel Roberts represses only part of her jazz instinct as she addresses her piano and her lyrics from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesday through Friday and from seven to nine-thirty Saturday; Scott Reed, who plays and sings from nine-thirty until three, runs from Tuesday through Saturday. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. Enrico Pianori, guitarist and intoner of *con-amore* ballads, does his seven-to-one recital every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. Closed Christmas. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Salzburg to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The journey takes from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No music Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. Closed Christmas. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band, Elemer Horvath's, that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Those who wonder what became of Wayne Sanders after Goldie's New York shut down forever will find him again at a piano, between five and eleven every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Jacques Kayal, a Riviera type, does piano and lyrics, often European, from seven to nine, then moves into the Gotham Gate bar, where he reiterates, slow and easy, his pleasant program. No Sundays, however, and no Christmas Eve, either.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Year's Day. Some are likely to close early on Wednesday, Dec. 24.)

GALLERIES

John Begg and Joseph Solman—Drawings by the former and monotypes by the latter; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Feist, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Sydney Butchkes—Shaped canvases; starting Saturday, Dec. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A small retrospective of his paintings and sculptures, together with works by artists—Oldenburg, Christo, Tinguely, Yves Klein, and George Cohen—related to or influenced by the French "anti-culturist;" through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Domenico Gnoli—Paintings and sculptures of hyper-realistic details of human bodies and clothing; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—A hundred and fifty drawings related to important themes in the artist's work; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Sculptured canvases of basketball players, based on photographs; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Robert Kulicke—Paintings of roses in a precise style; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isadore Levy—Abstract paintings; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

René Magritte—Eight sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Jan. 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Home to Grandma for Christmas; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors of Abstract fantasies; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Serra—Large objects made of lead; through Jan. 10. (Castelli Warehouse. 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St.)

Margaret Stark—Drawings, watercolors, constructions, and assemblages; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Clyfford Still—The first show in twenty years of paintings (these done between 1947 and 1966) by this leading Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Watercolors of New York skyscrapers by an important American modernist; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wesley—Paintings of everyday subjects with a comic-book slant; through Friday, Dec. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by about twenty-five artists, among them Ernest Briggs, Charles E. Martin, and Sybil Wilson; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **CARAVAN**, 132 E. 65th St.: Puerto Rican *santos;* through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and objects of pre-Columbian and colonial Peru; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Dada and Surrealist drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 3.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: An exhibition of folk art inaugurates the new Americana section of the gallery; through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and graphics by artists of the first three decades of the century, featuring John Sloan, and with Glackens, Bacon, and Biehl, among others; through Saturday, Dec. 27.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Art produced by light effects, gas pressures, motions, and sounds; through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. ... ¶ Environmental situations, to be dismantled at the end of the exhibition, by five individual artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; starting Tuesday, Dec. 30 ... ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Jan. 26.... ¶ Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by Alvin D. Loving, Jr., a Detroit artist who has been shown in Afro-American exhibitions; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St.—An exhibit of manuscripts and photographs devoted to the life of Franz Kafka; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Wednesdays, and Friday, Jan. 2, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with his show at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; through Jan. 26.... ¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Thursdays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—One work each in plastic materials by forty-nine artists, among them Louise Nevelson, Frank Gallo, Les Levine, and Rockne Krebs; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Landscape drawings by Anna Ticho, an Israeli octogenarian who works exclusively in this medium; through Jan. 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Terpsichore's Progress" (umm—that would be the Muse of Dancing), a show of prints tracing the evolution of dance from social pastime to theatrical art; through Feb. 14. (Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 24 and Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A handsome display, with room settings, of handicrafts of the Shaker sect, designed to portray the Shaker "order of Christmas;" through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A family Christmas scene of 1850, complete with furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Saturday, Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Ninety paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. . . . ¶ A private collector's hundred and fifty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ The story in images, sounds, and words of the migration of child refugees to Israel and of their life there; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last decade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, by six artists, based on photographs and photographic reproductions; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays and Thursdays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Fourteen black artists from Boston; through Jan. 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances (*enfin!*) of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 18—Monday evening, Dec. 29: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 30: "La

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Nicolai Gedda, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 31: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Cornell MacNeil. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Nicolai Gedda, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Jess Thomas, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Cornell MacNeil. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Help, Help, the Globolinks! and **Amahl and the Night Visitors**—Final performances of a two-week engagement of a double bill by Gian Carlo Menotti. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 2:30 and 8; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 10:30 and 3:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8:30, and Monday, Jan. 5, at 7:30, all with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, and Norma Lerer, contralto. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:30, and Friday, Jan. 2, at 2, both with Nelson Freire, piano, and Miss Lerer.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a series of programs, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Leonard Rose, cello; Isaac Stern and the conductor, violin; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman directing, with Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano, and Leo Goeke, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Albert Anglberger directing a holiday program. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 27-28, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, all at 2; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the last in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

Grete Sultan—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Band and Tom Rush—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 8 and 11.

Blood, Sweat & Tears, Appaloosa, and Allman Brothers—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28, at 8 and 11:30.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.

Modern Jazz Quartet—Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.

Paul Bley and the Moog Synthesizer—With Annette Peacock. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

New York Rock and Roll Ensemble—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 28, at 8.

Jimi Hendrix, Buddy Miles, Billy Cox, and the Voices of East Harlem—Fillmore East. Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:30 and 10:30, and Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Grateful Dead, the Lighthouse, and Cold Blood—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, at 8 and 11:30.

Al Kooper Show—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 1:30: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 28, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 3.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Saturday, Jan. 3, through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—"Help, Help, the Globolinks!" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors," two one-act operas by Gian Carlo Menotti. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 2:30 and 8; New Year's Day at 2:30; Friday, Jan. 2, at 10:30 and 3:30; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2.) . . . ¶ "The Barber of Seville," in English, performed by singers from the Metropolitan Opera Studio and members of the Brooklyn Philharmonia, directed by Siegfried Landau. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28, and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, all at 2:30.) . . . ¶ The Vienna Choir Boys, directed by Albert Anglberger. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 27-28, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, all at 2; Friday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2.)

Ballet—The Children's Ballet Theatre presenting "Little Women." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Sunday, Dec. 28, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 3-4, at 2:30. For tickets, call MU 5-7754.)

Stage Shows—By **Bil Baird's Marionettes**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Daily at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Electric Circus**: "Moon Walk at the Electric Circus." (23 St. Marks Pl. Wednesday, Dec. 24; Friday through Tuesday, Dec. 26-30; and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, all at 1 and 3:30. For tickets, call 777-4466. Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **Salvatore Guida**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **Rose Lynch Productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **Paper Bag Players**: "Dandelion," Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2 and 4. . . . ¶ "Group Soup," Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 28-30, and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, all at 2 and 4. (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911.) . . . **Pickwick Puppet Theatre**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 30-31, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . ¶ "Arabian Nights." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 29, at 3.) . . . **Pixie Judy Troupe**: "Pinocchio," Friday, Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 3:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 1:30 and 3:30; Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 1:30 and 3:30; New Year's Day at 3:30; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 1:30 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Saturday, Dec. 27; Monday, Dec. 29; Wednesday, Dec. 31; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, all at 1:30 and 3:30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.) . . . **Prince Street Players**: "Mother Goose Go-Go."

(Helen Hayes Theatre, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Christmas at 3; Friday, Dec. 26, at 12:30 and 3; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 12:30, 3, and 6; Sunday through Friday, Dec. 28-Jan. 2, at 12:30 and 3; Saturday, Jan. 3, at 12:30, 3, and 6; and Sunday, Jan. 4, at 12:30 and 3.) . . . **PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION:** "The Taming of the Shrew." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 29-Jan. 3, all at 2 and 3:30.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Robin Hood," Sunday, Dec. 28, at 2. . . . ¶ "Snow White," Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 1. . . . ¶ "Tom Sawyer," Friday, Jan. 2, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4; Friday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Friday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 3:30; and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Yellow Submarine," a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles. A benefit performance. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Tuesday, Dec. 30, at 10.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every weekday, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26, and New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Wednesday, Dec. 24; Christmas; and New Year's Day.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Dec. 24 at 2: "Louisiana Story" (1948), a Robert Flaherty film. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 11:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 3 and 5:30: "Chronicle of a Summer" (1960), in French, photographed by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Gertrud" (1965), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—A series of Road Runner cartoons. (Daily, except Christmas and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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The Koerners aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.

For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and sweat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

Self-help. That's what Save The Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy a child a few hot meals, a new coat, or shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give people the boost they need to start helping themselves.

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Richard Koerner hopes that one day, one of his business trips will enable him to meet the Fuentes. Many sponsors do visit their children, and tell us that it is one of the most gratifying experiences of their lives.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1		

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 1.)

The Arrangement—Elia Kazan wrote and directed this monstrously unconvincing story of a successful advertising man's breakdown. With Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—One of those one-set, four-actor jobs—this one is by Neil Simon—that still feel like Broadway comedies when they're on the screen. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. Directed by Gene Saks. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 30.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 1.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 24.)

Cactus Flower—Every wisecrack has that Broadway sound. With Walter Matthau as a swinging dentist, Ingrid Bergman as his assistant, and Goldie Hawn—who is young and wondrously talented and deserves better—as his kook mistress. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's satirical epic on the Crimean War—and on the English. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 1.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Some good things, but not top-drawer Chaplin. Not that that makes it *bad*. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Coming Apart—It's supposed to be about the disintegration of a personality (Rip Torn as a psychiatrist who takes the name Glassman, presumably so he can crack up), and it's fun, at first, when the idea just seems a put-on and an excuse for some entertaining sex scenes. But then the director, Milton Moses Ginsberg, brings on the miseries, and the picture disintegrates. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Downhill Racer—Some exciting ski footage and a minimal story. With Robert Redford and Gene Hackman. The director, Michael Ritchie, comes up with occasional neat little surprises in this promising début. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. Jack Nicholson's boozing liberal Southern lawyer is brilliant. Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

Funny Girl—A great star with a gift for comedy, and some good songs. Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gaily, Gaily—Ben Hecht's Chicago of a half century ago, in the heyday of yellow journalism, is great movie material, but Norman Jewison clutters it up with too many people, most of them overdoing things. With Beau Bridges and Brian Keith (demonstrating once again that he is one of the best actors in the business). (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—An overblown version of James Hilton's tear-stained little gold mine of a book, with songs where they are not needed (and Leslie Bricusse's songs are never needed), yet there's still charm in the story, and Peter O'Toole is a fine romantic hero. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24-25, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 11, 2:30, 8, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 30-31.)

If . . . (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

John and Mary—Thin little romance, with lots of modern accoutrements. Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Dec. 25-31.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28-29.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 31.)

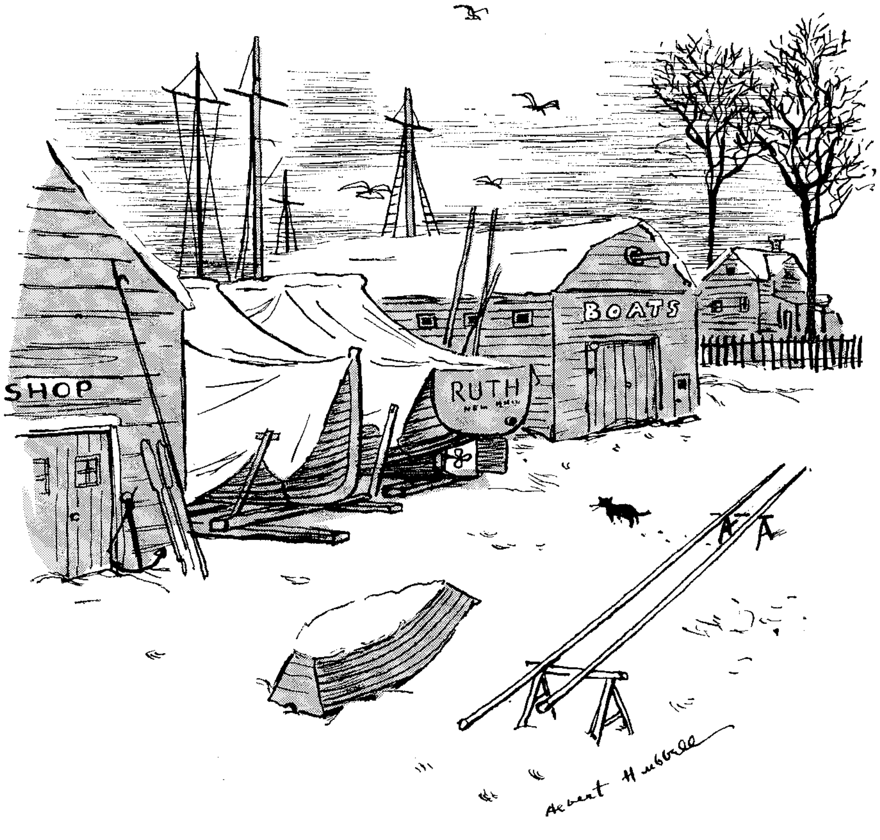
Midnight Cowboy—Fine performances by Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Paint Your Wagon—It could be a whole lot better, but in its own graceless, butch-humor way it is relatively inoffensive. With Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 30-31.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 28-29.)

Phaedra (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, novelet-



tish version of the old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 25.)

Psycho—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower, and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 31.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Reivers—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750; starting Dec. 25.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl (Catherine Deneuve). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 26-27.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 30.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—It's noisy, it's crude, it's Kramer. Anthony Quinn as Bombolini, the town drunkard and buffoon; Anna Magnani, rolling pin in hand, as Rosa, his shrewish wife; and a cast of thousands of hairy, warty, wine-loving peasants. The ethnic movie of the year. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal). Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Evening performances only.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework. With Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Dec. 25-31.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 1.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 31.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 31.)

Z—How a political murder is made to look like an accident. Costa-Gavras' extraordinary thriller is based on recent Greek history. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 30: **ROMEO AND JULIET**; and "Lock Up Your Daughters," Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.
From Dec. 31: "Battle of Britain;" and "Support Your Local Sheriff" (1969), James Garner, Joan Hackett.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Three," Charlotte Rampling.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Dec. 24: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.
From Dec. 25: **THE REIVERS.**

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE ARRANGEMENT.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
DOWNHILL RACER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Dec. 24: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
From Dec. 25: **THE REIVERS.**

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO. (Evening performances only. In the afternoon there will be showings of "My Side of the Mountain," with Ted Eccles and Theodore Bikel.)

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE CIRCUS (silent).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
GAILY, GAILY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"On Her Majesty's Secret Service," George Lazenby, Diana Rigg.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"The Funniest Man in the World," a film on Charlie Chaplin.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"On Her Majesty's Secret Service," George Lazenby, Diana Rigg.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SIMON OF THE DESERT (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
EASY RIDER.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 24: A program of underground films.
Dec. 25-31: **KING KONG**; and **THE THIEF OF BAGDAD.**
From Jan. 1: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Hello, Dolly!," Barbra Streisand, Walter Matthau. (Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 24-25, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 10, 2:30, 8:30, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Marooned," Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. (Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 28 at 2 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 31, at 2:30, 8, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
IF. . .; and **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 31: **MEET JOHN DOE**; and **PSYCHO.**
From Jan. 1: **BREATHLESS** and **ALPHAVILLE** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 30: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**; and "Battle of Britain."
From Dec. 31: **WEST SIDE STORY**; and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 24: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Fahrenheit 451" (1966), Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.
Dec. 25: **PHAEDRA**; and "Up Tight" (1968), Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.
Dec. 26-27: **REPULSION**; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.
Dec. 28-29: **PETULIA**; and **THE KNACK.**
Dec. 30-31: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** and **PERSONA** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 1: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and **TOM JONES.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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THE NEW YORKER

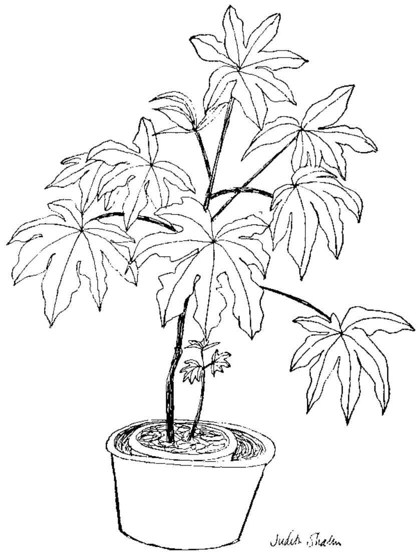
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE recent evening, in the neighborhood of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a familiar charade was enacted. Demonstrators gathered to picket President Nixon, who was receiving an award at a football dinner inside the hotel, and to protest (in the words of a leaflet issued by the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee) "U.S. genocidal war in Vietnam." There was nothing much for anyone to do—police or demonstrators—except to stand around tensely, and the demonstration had not been organized in such a way as to have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Eventually, as in the last act of a bad play, the expected happened. A portion of the demonstrators, including many helmeted members of the Weatherman faction of Students for a Democratic Society, broke from the main body, and in the surrounding streets stones were thrown at policemen and through shopwindows, demonstrators were clubbed and kicked, and several dozen people were arrested. Some of the proponents of this kind of confrontation call it "street theatre," a term that, though it is descriptive, only hints at the degree to which the principal actors in the drama—the Weathermen and their friends, and the more vociferous policemen—are governed by fantasy. The fantasy of the Weathermen is that the United States has become a Fascist police state, and that they, the Weathermen, are the vanguard of those who will effect its overthrow through armed struggle. (The romantic exaggeration that suggests to the Weathermen that the United States is a police state also enables them to present their tactics of street bravado and stone-throwing as "armed struggle.") Their actions seem calculated neither to persuade potential allies nor to coerce potential enemies; indeed, the Weathermen appear to have abandoned both conventional and radical politics for a politics of *frisson*, in which the thrill of being "revolutionary" is unencumbered by the dangers of real repression—or, for that matter, real revolution. The fantasy of those policemen who most delight in such encounters is a nearly identical one: that chaos is in fact imminent, that the policeman's club is the only defense against it, and that the function of the police when they are faced with a crowd chanting revolutionary slogans is not to control it but to vanquish it in hand-to-hand combat. It is a game. The fantasies reinforce each other, and the loser is the future of democratic discourse.

New Direction

ONNA WHITE, the director and choreographer of the new musical "Gantry," based on the Sinclair Lewis novel "Elmer Gantry" and scheduled to open in February, is the first woman to direct and choreograph a Broadway musical since Agnes de Mille. We saw Miss White the other day in her rehearsal headquarters, a drafty suite of rooms in a seedy upper West Side hotel. She is strikingly modest, direct, strong, attractive, slim, unflabby, sensible, and sure of what she is doing. She was born in the nineteen-twenties, in Inverness, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. Her father was a barber. When she was about one, he moved the family—Onna; an older brother, Lorne; a younger brother, Allister Stuart; and their mother—to Powell River, a big (pop. 12,578) paper-mill town in British Columbia. Miss White went to school there.



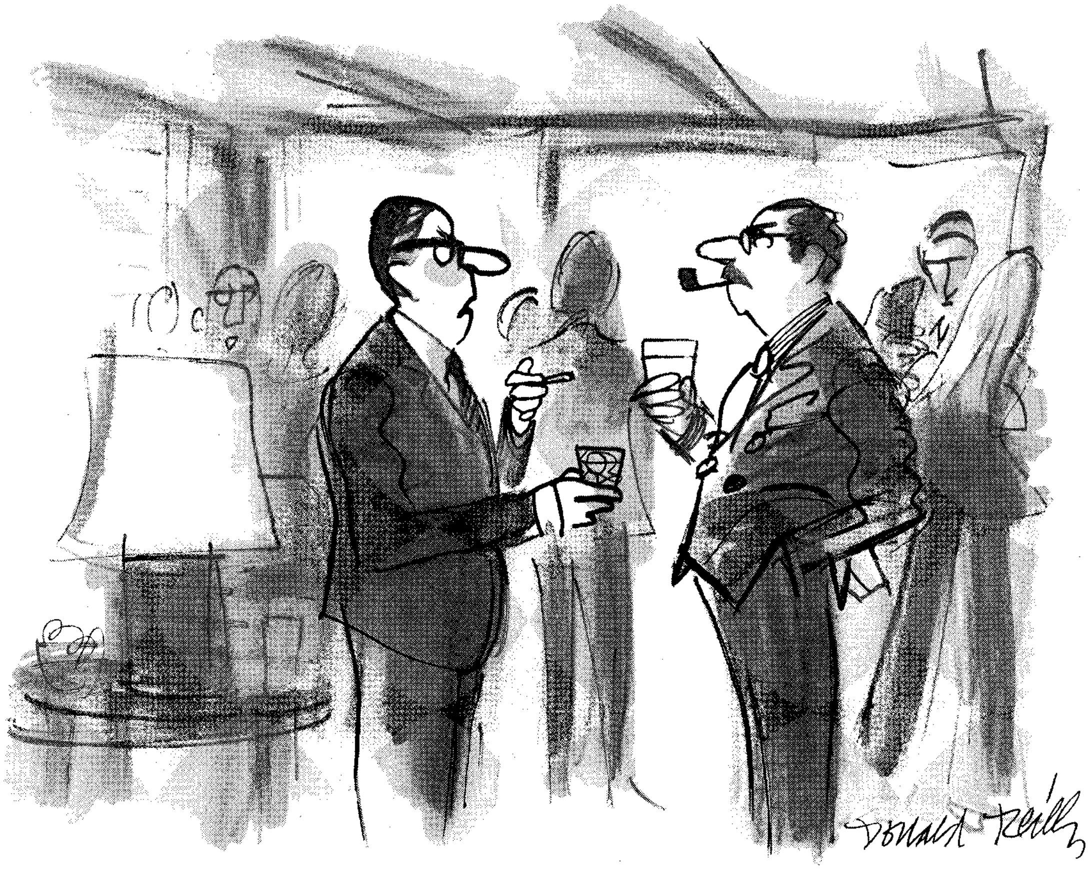
"How did you get from Powell River to Broadway?" we asked.

"When I was twelve, I was sickly—mainly with stomach problems—and one doctor prescribed exercise, so I started taking ballet lessons," she said. "This marvellous ballet teacher, Frieda Marie Shaw, had just come to Powell River with her husband, and she taught me. Twelve was very late to start dancing, but somehow everything was easy for me. I seemed to be able to do anything. The stomach problems went away. I had a natural feel for music and had been taking piano lessons from the age of eight, and now I took theory, all with a wonderful piano teacher, Paul Dougherty. I'm glad I had it all now. It comes in very handy."

From an adjoining room we heard the "Gantry" chorus, accompanied by a piano, singing a revival-meeting song from the musical: "Show him the way! Show him the way! Show him . . ." The rehearsal-room acoustics gave the sound, as always, that special kind of show-biz excitement. Miss White turned her head very briefly toward the sound.

"What does Mrs. Shaw think of you today?" we asked Miss White.

"She loves it because I'm successful," Miss White said. "But, deep down, I think, she wishes I were Balanchine." Miss White barely smiled. "She's a remarkable lady. I was never an ambitious person. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Shaw, who pushed me . . ." Miss White barely shrugged. "Things have always happened *to* me," she



"Sure I'm a liberal, but I'm not one of your latter-day, mealy-mouthed, bleeding-heart, masochistic, knee-jerk liberals."

• •

said. "I've been very fortunate, or unfortunate, depending on how you look at it."

"Life in Powell River?" we asked.

"Very dull," Miss White said. "But I like to go back. My father died four years ago, but my mother still lives there, and my two brothers. Lorne works at the paper mill, and Allister takes care of the Powell River High School."

"What was your first step out of Powell River?" we asked.

"To San Francisco. In 1940. After graduating from high school. Mrs. Shaw had a friend, Marie Fisher, on a newspaper there, and she knew Willam Christensen, the ballet master of the San Francisco Ballet Company." Miss White gave another almost shrug. "So I became one of the thirty-two dancers in the corps. I wasn't the Swan Queen. I was one of the cygnets. Then I became a ballerina, and I *was* the Swan Queen. I was a Sylphide. Anything that was classical. Occasionally, they'd do something modern, but they'd never let *me* do it. I was always classical. During the war, my family couldn't help me out, and I didn't earn enough in the ballet to live on, so I'd get up at 5:45 A.M. and work for the Stock Exchange, putting notices up on the boards. From there I'd go to the Palace Hotel, where we gave ballets during the cocktail hour. The rest of the time, it was eat and rehearse and classical ballet. After seven years, I'd had enough. It was too rigid. It was always the same. All the restrictions. The arms *had* to be in a certain position. Third position. Fifth position. Position One, Two, Three. I was stifled by it. So I went home, and was asked to teach at the B. C. School of Dancing in Vancouver. I did it for three months and quit. More rigidity. Besides, I didn't, and don't, like teaching. So I took the plunge and moved to New York."

"How did that come about?" we asked.

"A girl friend, Andrea Downing, kept writing from New York. She was a dancer in 'Annie Get Your Gun.' She arranged for me to audition for Michael Kidd for 'Finian's Rainbow.' In those days, I had long hair that I could sit on. Andrea told me to wear my hair long. 'Michael Kidd likes long hair,' she said. 'And wear a red sweater, so they'll see you.' I walked in and found a hundred and fifty girls there. I was petrified. But Andrea was right. They kept asking for 'the girl in the red sweater.' It worked. I got the job. And I *loved* that dancing. It was *free*. I was the happiest girl in the world. I had finally found complete freedom."

"Then?"

"Then Michael Kidd took me to London to assist him with the London company of 'Finian's Rainbow.' The next big step was getting married. To Larry Douglas, who was playing one of the leads in 'Hold It!' We're divorced now. We have two children—Jeanne, who's in her first year at U.C.L.A. and is a straight-A student majoring in marine biology, and Stuart, who's at the Happy Valley School, in California. They love living in California. I have a lovely house in Malibu."

The chorus rehearsing in the nearby room started in again: "Show him the way! Show him the way! Show him . . ." This time, Miss White didn't seem to notice.

"Next?" we asked.

"I had my first baby," Miss White said. "I was dancing in 'Guys and Dolls.' I was the Cuban dancer in the night club who caused the fight between Sky Masterson and the girl. I danced in 'Guys and Dolls' till the end of my seventh month, and nobody even knew I was pregnant. And I had a seven-pound-five-ounce baby. After a couple of months, the producers of 'Guys and Dolls' asked me to come back, so I went back, and got pregnant again and left the show again at the beginning of my seventh month, and this time I had a six-pound-seven-ounce baby. I never went back to 'Guys and Dolls.' I was taking care of my babies when the choreographer Herb Ross asked me to work with him on the Milton Berle show on television, and I thought I'd take a fling at it. But I didn't like it. So I went back to dancing. Not with anything in mind except the fun of it. It was always fun. And hard work. But I never considered hard work a bore. And I liked meeting new people, talented people. I don't *like* untalented people. I'm crazy about talented people. There's a magic about them. I just like being with them."

"What next?" we asked.

"In 1958, I was out on the road with 'Silk Stockings'—"

"With the children?" we asked.

"I'd leave them with my housekeeper—a wonderful housekeeper—and with their father," Miss White said. "And I got a call asking me if I'd recreate Michael Kidd's choreography for the City Center productions of 'Guys and Dolls' and 'Finian's Rainbow.' I couldn't remember all the choreography of 'Finian's Rainbow,' so I made it up, and it turned out to be a lovely production. Then I was asked to do the choreography for the City Center production of 'Carmen Jones.' Now I was on my own. I had to make up my own stuff. We had only ten days to do it in, and *that* turned out to be lovely, too. From then on, I was pretty busy. Josh Logan and David Merrick sent me to London to do the production of 'Fanny' there. I got back about the time producers were trying to get a choreographer for 'The Music Man.' Everybody turned it down. All the good ones. Everybody put in a word for me, and I got the job. It was my first Broadway show. And it was a big hit. I've done a lot of shows since. 'Take Me Along.' 'Irma la Douce'—one of my pets—with Elliott Gould and Stuart Damon. I just love it so when people like that get ahead. 'Half a Sixpence,' with Tommy Steele—a very talented boy who needs a strong hand. I did three 'Mame's—London, Las Vegas, and New York. What a happy experience that show was, from the very beginning! 'Illya Darling.' The movies of 'The Music Man' and 'Bye Bye Birdie.' And the movie 'Oliver!'" Miss White named the last with a kind of special affection.

"It was beautiful," we said.

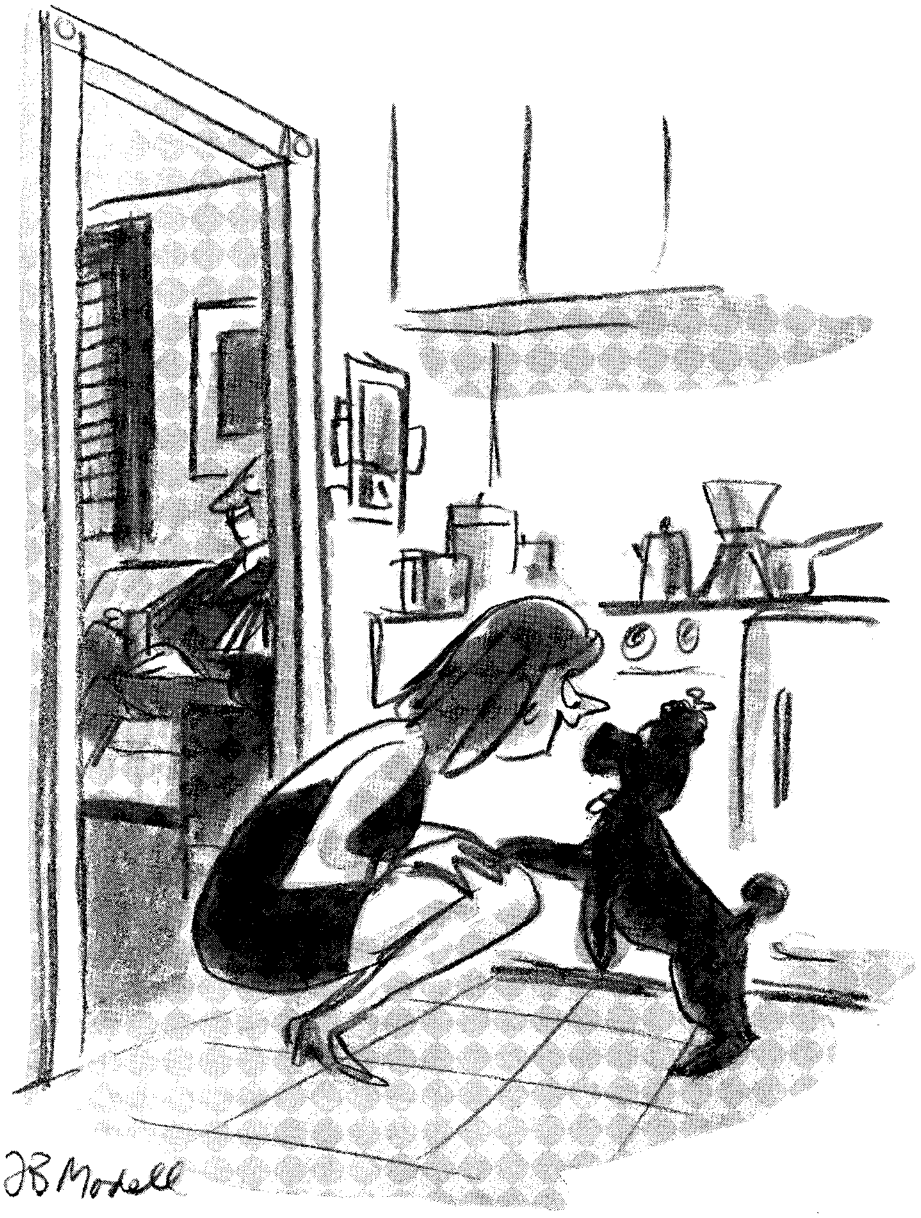
"It *was* beautiful," Miss White said. "I just love the English so. Such delightful people they are. So friendly and delightful and *interested* in you. They always want to take care of you. I had my children with me for almost a year while I worked on 'Oliver!' And I had my mother with me. I had a lovely house in Kensington, with half an acre of gardens, and I'm a fiend on gardening. And, of course, I had Fagin's gang at my house every weekend. I used to have hamburger-and-hot-dog parties for them. The neighbors used to go crazy. Those children! They're such *polite* children. Even if they come from the gutter, it's always 'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am.' For the 'Food, Glorious Food' scene, I had seventy-*two* of them. When the movie was finished, they were hard to leave."

"How did you get your sense of what to do in creating the choreography for it?" we asked.

"From the stage play, which I'd seen and loved. And from looking at old lithographs. And I walked a lot through the sets. That big, big Bloomsbury Square set was budgeted for seventy-five people. I used three hundred and sixty-five people in that number. That was the most difficult. It's not just general activity. It's balletic. And classical, in its own way."

"You're not afraid to take on the burden of directing now, in addition to the choreography?" we asked.

"It's a hell of a load, but I think it's well organized," Miss White said. "Also, we have a wonderful family here. Everything is so agreeable. I could smell that when they asked me to do it. It's a first Broadway show for so many of us. A first for Fred Tobias, who did the lyrics, and Stanley Lebowsky, the composer. A first for the author, Peter Bellwood. A first musical for the star, Robert Shaw. And a first for the director, me. I know that it's now we've got to get things right. Get the show on its feet *before* we go out of town. If you hedge around, you never really know what you've got until it's too late. I am always conscious of the commercial side. I sit myself in the audience paying fifteen dollars for my seat and wanting to be entertained. There's a lot of psychology needed to direct musicals. You have to know when to compliment the actors. They need a lot of care. And love. Loving care. And patience. One thing I have is great patience. That's rather deliberate, in a way, because I know it gets you more in the long run. I'm a little shy of people at first. But I overcome it very quickly. Some people think when they first meet me that I'm so cold. But that's only my fright of people. Not that I'm easily scared. I



"Guess what! Mr. Corbett's going to be our lord and master."

suppose I *am* careful. There are times I wish I weren't careful."

Kafka Recalled

THE Leo Baeck Institute, on East Seventy-third Street, which combines a research center, archives, and a library devoted to the history of German Jewry from the eighteenth century "until its tragic end in Nazi days," as the Institute describes it, is until the middle of January housing an exhibition devoted to Franz Kafka. A part of the exhibition originated at the Goethe Institute in Munich, and the rest comes from Yale; from the Jewish National and University Library in Jerusalem; from Schocken Books, the publishing house that owns the world rights to Kafka's works; and from people who knew Kafka in Prague. It consists of manuscripts—mostly letters—and photographs blown up to such a size that the little Institute, which is in a handsome but not particularly large town house, is well-nigh eclipsed by them. Some photographs show Prague and other parts of Bohemia as they were under the Austro-Hungarian Empire—cobbled streets, trolley tracks, tile roofs, snowy fields, multi-spired civic and ecclesiastical buildings looming above tiny bustled and behatted figures that seem to have walked in from the stippled bank of Seurat's "La Grande Jette." Other blowups include Kafka's job applications and academic certificates, postcards gaily sent him by his sisters, the squiggly, not unskillful cartoons with which he ornamented his letters, and several pages of a report, with comic-gruesome diagrams of mutilated hands, that Kafka—a faithful employee for sixteen years of the Workers' Accident Insurance Institute for Bohemia—prepared; the inventor of the torture machine of "In the Penal Colony" was especially interested, we read, in the prevention of industrial accidents. But the dominant photographs are of people—Kafka's parents, his sisters, his friends, his fiancées, and, above all, the penetrating and oddly constant visage of Kafka himself. At the age of five, in striped shorts, leaning on an oval-backed chair and carrying a prop cane, Kafka is as much Kafka as the haggard and tubercular forty-year-old of the last passport photo—a neat, intense creature with centrally parted hair, batlike ears, and eyes that see too much. Eyes, indeed, that, unlike the cheerful, greedy, amorous, or just plain bored eyes of the Jewish bourgeoisie posed around him, in the exhibition as in life, seem to stare out of their present into the future, into a holocaust and, beyond, into the rustling silence of this museum, devoted to the commemoration of a people that had a "tragic end." Kafka's sisters, healthier and happier than he—Elli, Valli, Ottla, posed like three bunnies in identical muffs and bonnets—lived to die at Auschwitz. Kafka's torment was personal, neurotic, religious, but his literary greatness has acquired a prophetic resonance from history. His nightmarish fables of bureaucracy, estrangement, and degradation came true. His obsessive sense of guilt and anguish proved accurately diagnostic.

The day we viewed the exhibit, the other viewers seemed divided between young Germans and old men wearing black overcoats and white goatees, who had the apologetic air of survivors. Mr. Fred Grubel, an urbane and learned gentleman, who is the secretary of the Institute, showed us around. "It is wonderful, the people who come," he said, with a slight German accent. "Like Professor Johannes Urzidil and his wife, who were both friends of Kafka's. Mrs. Urzidil, whose father taught Kafka Hebrew, has lent us her copy of 'Betrachtung,' Kafka's first book, which he inscribed to her in 1915. That old man over there is ninety-two. He lived in Prague in those years." The man in question, so stooped that his head was not five feet from the floor, was translating, for a tall girl with an apple-cheeked Teutonic complexion, Kafka's obituary in a Prague newspaper of 1924—his only obituary in Czech. We studied a photograph taken in Matliary, in the Tatra Mountains, of ten people arranged as if they were waiting for a picnic to be brought to them: the head of a girl in the rear is quite featureless, and a smiling figure in the foreground is Kafka, but it does not look like him because it is smiling. We looked at photographs of Kafka's father, a sturdy, twinkling burgher of a man who scarcely deserved, to judge by his appearance, the mythic weight his son eternally assigned to him. The apartment house on Bilekgasse where Kafka wrote "The Trial" looks like many another Prague apartment house, and the landscape in Wossek that provided topography for "The Castle" looks flat and bare. "Always his German is so beautiful," Mr. Grubel said, and he translated from the earliest surviving example of Kafka's handwriting an inscription in a school friend's album: "There is a coming and a going, a parting and often no meeting again."

We moved away, and Mr. Grubel gestured toward another room. "In there," he said, "you will see—it is frightening—Kafka as a boy of fourteen, with already those remarkable eyes."

We ventured to say that his ears, also, were remarkable.

"Ah, yes, but the ears he was born with," Mr. Grubel said. "The eyes he did himself."

We paused to look at a large, blurred photograph of Milena Jesenská, the Czech translator to whom Kafka addressed the beautiful letters of his last years, and who wrote that single obituary. Prompted by something anxious in the enlarged soft features, we asked Mr. Grubel what had finally happened to her.

"She died," our escort said, with a smiling gesture, as if to indicate a doorway, "courtesy of Mr. Hitler."

The Christmas Runner

WITH four shopping days left until Christmas, we dropped in at what may have been the busiest focal point in town—the basement of F. A. O. Schwarz. There we watched the way the toy store was filling orders—wrapping packages and delivering them to customers on and off the premises. Sales slips coming down the tubes into the basement. Runners running up and down twenty-four long basement aisles lined with merchandise to pick up the orders. Packers packing. Wrappers wrapping. Stock clerks stocking. Delivery boys delivering. Fifty-six helpers helping to sort out Take Withs and By Boys. Executives coming down from fourth-floor executive offices to exec.

"If anybody has a better solution than the tube system, we will be very glad to hear it," Schwarz's executive vice-president (and president-to-be), Ernest M. Thauer, said to us when he came down for a glimpse of the basement. "This is my forty-fourth

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Christmas with F. A. O. Schwarz. We went through this when we were on Thirty-first Street, and we've gone through this on Fifty-eighth Street ever since we moved here, in 1931. Parents' Magazine Enterprises bought us in 1963, but it made no difference. We go through this every year. The shopping situation! The trucking situation! Very, very bad. If people would only realize they should do their shopping before Thanksgiving!"

Brass cylinders came whooshing down the tubes faster than the runners could grab them and run. There was a brief pileup of cylinders. Mr. Thauer gave them a sad look and went back upstairs.

"Step on it, boys, if you can, please!" a weary-looking woman wearing a blue smock called out to the runners. They ran faster. We ran after them for a while. Shelves stacked with dozens of the same things. Windup Train Set with Extra Key. Sea Horse Corral. Liverpool Compact Drum Combo. Bath House Brass Bassoon. Famous Madame Alexander Scarlett O'Hara Doll in Party Dress. Famous Madame Alexander Jennie Lind Doll and Her Listening Cat. Famous Madame Alexander Heidi Doll. Rubber Jet Plane. Action Blocks. Magnastiks. Magni-Stool. Wooden Doll House. Playskool Walker Wagon. Ant Farm. Wire Sculpture. Magnetic Truck and Trailer. Goldilocks Playhouse. Tuggy Tooter. Butterfly Pull Toy. Musical Rocker. Musical Dancing Clown. Disneyland Rug. Musical Hand Bag. Musical Sleepy Lamb. Safety Tool Truck. Jumbo Freight Train. Rocket Dart Game. Fairyland Castle. Football Player Bank. Teleidoscope. U.S. Map Puzzle. Junior Electro. Senior Electro. Rig-a-Jig. Weaving Loom. Animal Lacing Cards. Animal and Picture Lotto. Deluxe Crayon Color Set. Mickey Mouse Electric Drawing Set. Doll Stroller. My Fair Baby Twins Dolls. Suzie Sunshine Doll. Negro Pussy Cat Doll. Musical Love Kitten. Junior Walkie-Talkie Set. Junior Kitchen Set. Poppity Corn Popper. Books. Records. Steiff Minky Bear. Steiff Teddy Bear. Steiff Dormouse. Steiff Washable Cosy Elephant. Steiff Pajama Pals. Don't Spill the Beans Game. Kooky Carnival Game. Chinese Checkers. Bingo. Chutzpah Game. Psychoteaze Game. Snoopy Pajama Bag. Snoopy Astro Bag. Snoopy Pillow. Snoopy Sweatshirt. Finger Puppets. Nite Writer Ball Point Pen. Mini Robot Tank. General Headquarters Missile Base. Tru Jet Streak. Remote Control Helicopter. U.S. Army Hovercraft. Radio Control Mercedes 230SL. Apollo-Saturn Spacecraft Kit. Solar-X Rocket. Air Force Colonel Uniform. Marine Master Sergeant Uniform. Navy Admiral Uniform. Army Colonel Uniform. Space Suit. Space Helmet. 4-Star General's Jeep.

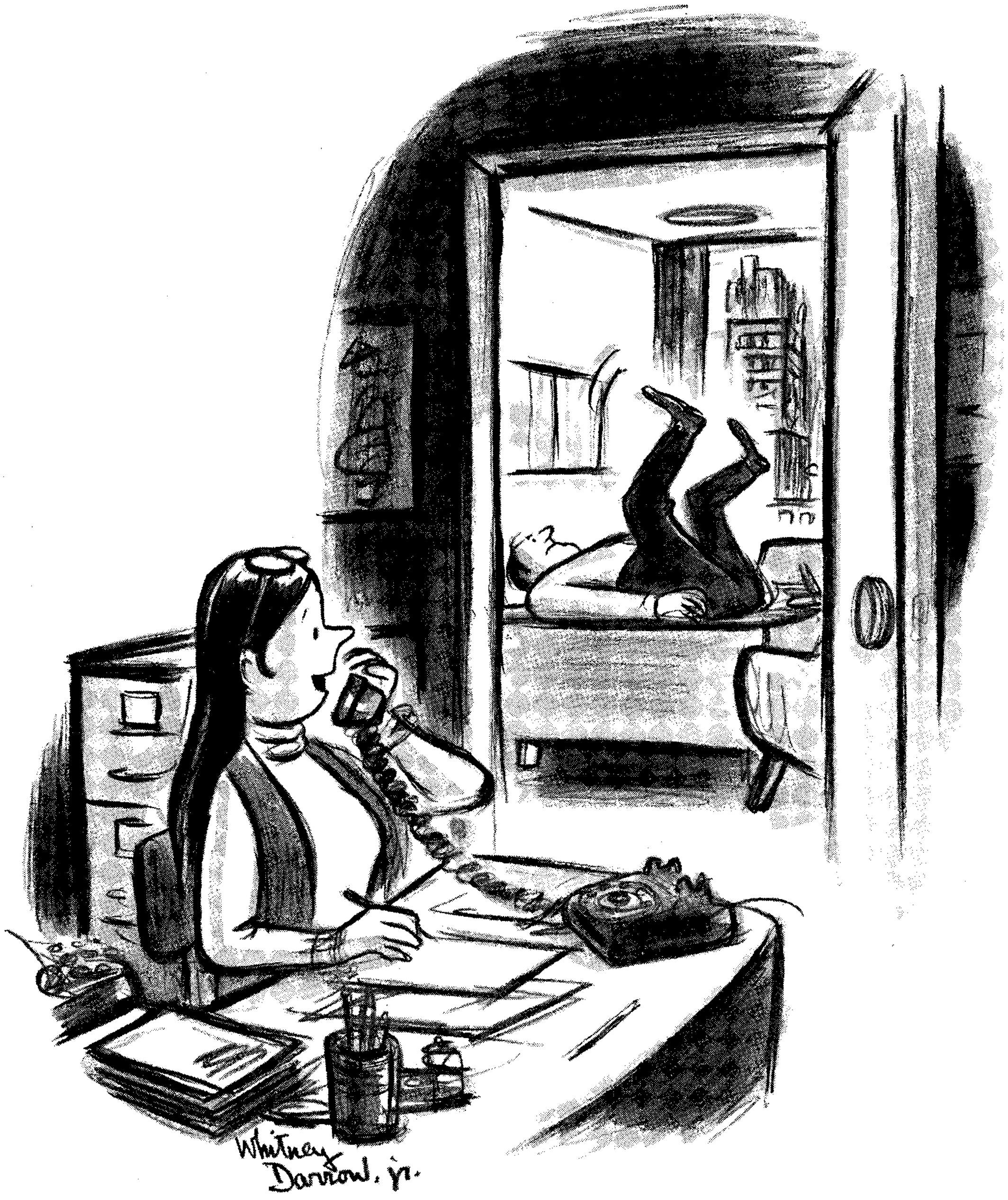
Rounding the corner of an aisle, we ran into a young man with long blond hair and sideburns. He was carrying a Kourt King Croquet Set and running with it to a wrapper. We ran after him. He looked serious.

"Do you like working here?" we asked.

"It's all right, but it's exhausting," he said, picking up a cylinder, extracting an order slip, and starting to run. "And I don't even get to *see* the toys. They're mostly in boxes."

"What's your name? How did you get here?" we asked, running after him to a shelf stacked with Atomic Space Explorer Sets. He picked one up and ran.

"Jeffrey Donald Moore. I've been


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Birdwell isn't making any more luncheon engagements until he's finished his twenty-one-day shapeup program."

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working here six days. I just walked in off the street and asked them if they needed part-time help. I was fresh out of money. They pay me two dollars an hour. I have another job lined up for Sundays. Taking care of someone's dog, in Queens."

"How old are you? Where are you from?" we asked.

"Twenty-two," Mr. Moore said, running for a Volkswagen Construction Set. "I'm from Boston Hills. A small town south of Buffalo. I graduated from college a few months ago, but I didn't do anything for a while. I had a lot of serious thinking to do about myself."

"What college? What was your major?"

"Hobart. I was an English major. Actually, I would like to get into photography and cinematography. I am trying to go along as though what is going to happen won't, but it's very difficult."

"Why Schwarz's toy store?" we asked. "What made *you* come in off the street here?"

"I went to Korvette's first, but they didn't need anybody," he said, running for a Flashing Lite Police Wrecker. "Two years ago, I came here with a girl I knew, and we walked through Schwarz and liked walking through it. After Korvette's, I just happened to follow the same street I walked on two years ago when I came here with this girl." He delivered his order to a packer and picked up a slip calling for a Battleship Game. We kept up with him.

"Did you get your serious thinking done?" we asked.

"It's very involved," he said. "The idea was to go home. I cut myself off from all my friends. I talked only to my family. My father died about three years ago, and I talked to my mother and my two sisters—one of them in college, the other in high school. I didn't want to be influenced by my friends. I find if I stick to my own ideas I come out all right. I had to decide whether to apply for a Conscientious Objector classification or to ignore the draft board completely and do what I did. What I had to decide goes beyond the war. It's the draft system. If I applied for a C.O. classification, I'd be coöperating. And I don't want to coöperate in any way. What I had to decide was whether to risk going to jail. I don't mind telling you all this, because the situation between me and my draft board is out in the open." He paused for a moment and took a breath.

We took one, too.

"I decided that the risk was one I just had to take. My draft board is Draft Board No. 89, in Buffalo. They have been sending me letters, but I won't even answer them. I didn't show up for my physical. I think they're supposed to decide tomorrow whether to declare me delinquent. Involuntary servitude was the one thing I could not accept."

His next cylinder held an order for a Stuffed Seal. "It never occurred to me when I was a child and I played with all those toy soldiers, and guns with corks popping out of them, that they were supposed to be about *war*," he said before he started for the seal. "I'm actually amazed now when I see how many orders we get down here for things like that."

We waited near the tubes. When he came back, we asked, "What will happen to you?"

"If I'm declared delinquent, which will probably happen, I'll be visited by the F.B.I., and eventually, I'm told, I'll get a trial. I just don't know what will happen to me after that."

We began to leave.

"Merry Christmas," he said.

MY PHILOSOPHY

THE development of my philosophy came about as follows: My wife, inviting me to sample her very first soufflé, accidentally dropped a spoonful of it on my foot, fracturing several small bones. Doctors were called in, X-rays taken and examined, and I was ordered to bed for a month. During this convalescence, I turned to the works of some of Western society's most formidable thinkers—a stack of books I had laid aside for just such an eventuality. Scorning chronological order, I began with Kierkegaard and Sartre, then moved quickly to Spinoza, Hume, Kafka, and Camus. I was not bored, as I had feared I might be; rather, I found myself fascinated by the alacrity with which these great minds unflinchingly attacked the enormous underlying problems of morality, art, ethics, life, and death. I remember my reaction to a typically luminous observation of Kierkegaard's: "Such a relation which relates itself to its own self (that is to say, a self) must either have constituted itself or have been constituted by another." The concept brought tears to my eyes. My word, I thought, to be that clever! (I'm a man who has trouble writing two meaningful sentences on "My Day at the Zoo.") True, the passage was totally incomprehensible to me, but what of it as long as Kierkegaard was having fun? Suddenly confident that metaphysics was the work I had always been meant to do, I took up my pen and began at once to jot down the first of my own musings. The work proceeded apace, and in a mere two afternoons—with time out for dozing and trying to get the two little BBs into the eyes of the bear—I had completed the philosophical work that I am hoping will not be uncovered until after my death, or until the year 3000 (whichever comes first), and which I modestly believe will assure me a place of reverence among history's weightiest thinkers. Here is but a small sample of the main body of intellectual treasure that I leave for posterity, or until the cleaning woman comes:

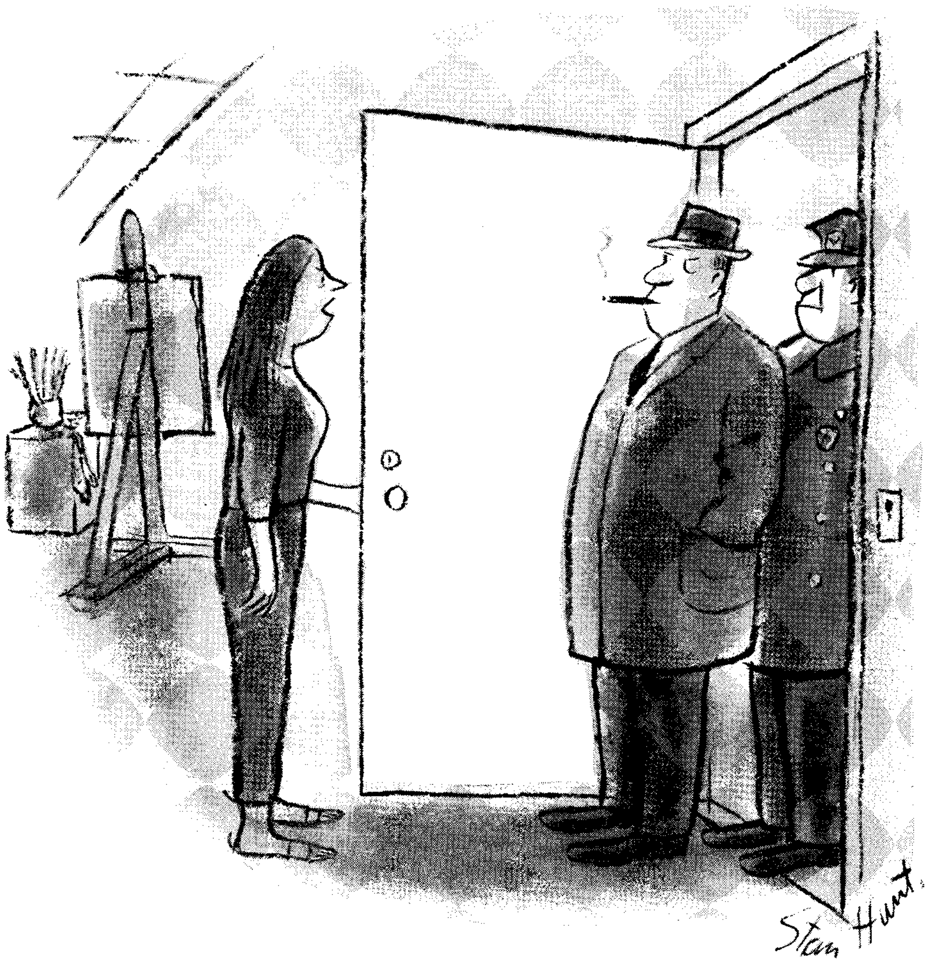
I. CRITIQUE OF PURE DREAD

In formulating any philosophy, the first consideration must always be: What can we know? That is, what can we be *sure* we know, or sure that we know we knew it, if indeed it is at all knowable. Or have we simply forgotten it and are too embarrassed to say anything? Descartes hinted at the problem when he wrote, "My mind can never know my body, although it has become quite friendly with my legs." By "knowable," incidentally, I do not mean that which can be known by perception of the senses, or that which can be grasped by the mind, but more that which can be said to be Known or to possess a Knownness or Knowability, or at least something you can mention to a friend.

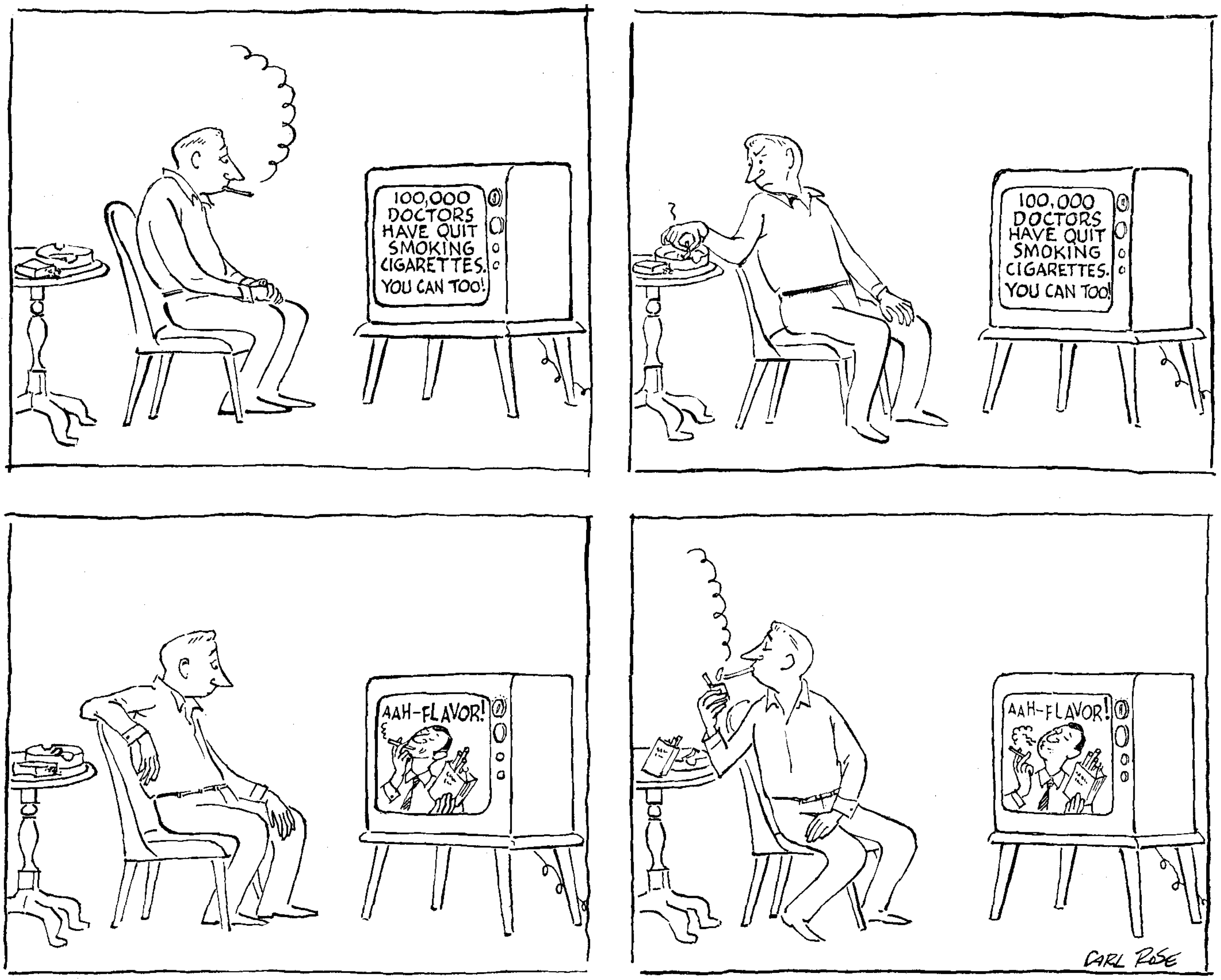
Can we actually "know" the universe? My God, it's hard enough finding your way around in Chinatown. The point, however, is: Is there anything out there? And why? And must they be so noisy? Finally, there can be no doubt that the one characteristic of "reality" is that it lacks essence. That is not to say it has no essence, but merely lacks it. (The reality I speak of here is the same one Hobbes described, but a little smaller.) Therefore the Cartesian dictum "I think, therefore I am" might better be expressed "Hey, there goes Edna with a saxophone!" So, then, to know a substance or an idea we must doubt it, and thus, doubting it, come to perceive the qualities it possesses in its finite state, which are truly "in the thing itself," or "of the thing itself," or of something or nothing. If this is clear, we can leave epistemology for the moment.

II. ESCHATOLOGICAL DIALECTICS AS A MEANS OF COPING WITH SHINGLES

We can say that the universe consists of a substance, and this substance we will call "atoms," or else we will call it "monads." Democritus called it atoms. Leibnitz called it monads. Fortunately, the two men never met, or there would have been a very dull argument. These "particles" were set in motion by some cause or underlying principle, or perhaps something fell someplace. The point is that it's too late to do anything about it now, except possibly to eat plenty of raw fish. This, of course, does not explain why the soul is immortal. Nor does it say anything about an afterlife, or about the feeling my Uncle Sender has that he is being followed by Albanians. The causal relationship between the first principle (i.e., God, or a strong wind) and any teleological concept of being (Being) is, according to Pascal, "so ludicrous that it's not even funny (Funny)." Schopen-



"I don't know where he is. He just collected his Guggenheim and blew."


100,000 DOCTORS HAVE QUIT SMOKING CIGARETTES. YOU CAN TOO!
100,000 DOCTORS HAVE QUIT SMOKING CIGARETTES. YOU CAN TOO!
AAH-FLAVOR!
AAH-FLAVOR!
CARL ROSE

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hauer called this "will," but his physician diagnosed it as hay fever. In his later years, he became embittered by it, or more likely because of his increasing suspicion that he was not Mozart.

III. The Cosmos on Five Dollars a Day

What, then, is "beautiful"? The merging of harmony with the just, or the merging of harmony with something that just sounds like "the just"? Possibly harmony should have been merged with "the crust" and this is what's been giving us our trouble. Truth, to be sure, is beauty—or "the necessary." That is, what is good or possessing the qualities of "the good" results in "truth." If it doesn't, you can bet the thing is not beautiful, although it may still be waterproof. I am beginning to think I was right in the first place and that everything should be merged with the crust. Oh, well.

Two Parables

A man approaches a palace. Its only entrance is guarded by some fierce Huns who will only let men named Julius enter. The man tries to bribe the guards by offering them a year's supply of choice chicken parts. They neither scorn his offer nor accept it, but merely take his nose and twist it till it looks like a Molly screw. The man says it is imperative that he enter the palace because he is bringing the emperor a change of underwear. When the guards still refuse, the man begins to Charleston. They seem to enjoy his dancing but soon become morose over the treatment of the Navajos by the federal government. Out of breath, the man collapses. He dies, never having seen the emperor and owing the Steinway people sixty dollars on a piano he had rented from them in August.

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I am given a message to deliver to a general. I ride and ride, but the general's headquarters seem to get farther and farther away. Finally, a giant black panther leaps upon me and devours my mind and heart. This puts a terrific crimp in my evening. No matter how hard I try, I cannot catch the general, whom I see running in the distance in his shorts and whispering the word "nutmeg" to his enemies.

Aphorisms

It is impossible to experience one's own death objectively and still carry a tune.

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The universe is merely a fleeting idea in God's mind—a pretty uncomfortable thought, particularly if you've just made a down payment on a house.

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Eternal nothingness is O.K. if you're dressed for it.

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If only Dionysus were alive! Where would he eat?

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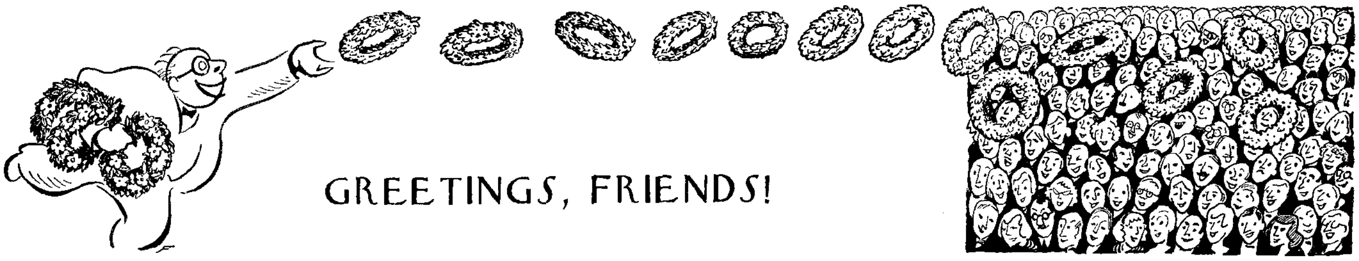
Not only is there no God, but try getting a plumber on weekends.

—Woody Allen



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Don't shoot! It's only your Christmas wait
Back at your door on this hallowed date,
So join with your senescent Kringle
As he ululates his annual jingle.
We're sorry that the cost of living
Has somewhat cramped our Christmas giving;
If our wishes were horses, fellow-debtors,
You'd all be riding Arts and Letters.
First, love to distant G.I.s and gobs
From all us Stateside effete snobs.
Three rousing cheers for Mayor John—
Go it, Your Honor! Carry on,
Applying cool and luck and wizardry
To blights and strikes and sudden blizzardry.
May President Nixon, without cease,
Pursue his search for an early peace,
And in passing may we wish a
Happy Yule to Pat and Tricia?
Let's pause and bend admiring thoughts
On all our gallant astronauts:
A toast in *glögg* and a hearty "*God Jul!*"
To the crew of every lunar module.
Choirs, get cracking, do your thing:
Make music for Coretta King;
Emit hosannas for Russell Train,
Ned Wait, and Bill MacBain;
And also, please, invoke a grace on
Robert Finch and Portland Mason.
Fetch in the festive tree and deck it
With Nobel wreaths for Samuel Beckett,
And neath its boughs we'll creep to leave a
With-it gift for the vivid Viva,
Along with something really fancy
For Tom Seaver and his comely Nancy.
Toot the horn and bang the cymbal
To show our love for Florence Kimball!
Sound the rebecs for Geraldine Page,
Alice Tully, John Cage,
Shirley Chisholm, Joan Kahn,
And Chancellor Willy Brandt, in Bonn.
Fröhliche Weihnachten, liebe Kinder!
Love from us and Lew Alcindor!
Mme. Gandhi, here's love *con brio*
From Alice Brock and Herman Badillo!
Francis Keppel! Richard Dougherty!—
Love from this upstate loud minority.
Now pop the corks for a Twelfth Night party
For Jules Olitski and Rico Carty,
And as for wassail, of course we'll have it
With Charlotte Moorman and Dick Cavett.
A raucous New Year to Jo Ann Worley,
Governor Cahill, and Sheridan Morley,
Yaphet Kotto, Anita Gillette,
And Mayor Evers, of Fayette.
And may we state there's none we'd sooner
Clink glasses with than Jerome S. Bruner,
Unless it's Leopold Stokowski,
Or Yoko Ono, or Jerzy Grotowski.
Christmas cheer to all crusaders,
Particularly Nader's Raiders.
Huzza for novelist John Fowles;
The same for Dr. John H. Knowles;
Ditto for Angie Elizabeth Brooks,
And may joy be Captain Donald Cook's!
Now, if I had my ruthers, I
Would hit on Alwin Nikolais
To choreograph our Yule ballet
For Max Gordon, Gérard Souzay,
Simonetta, Barnett Newman,
Dennis Hopper, and Bess Truman:
Entrechats by Salvador Dali!
Deft schottisches by Muhammad Ali!
Join our minuet, Liza Minnelli!
Foot it featly, good Gene Kelly!
Pass the walnuts and the port,
Pull back the rug, and we'll cavort
With David Christmas, Alvin Ailey,
Marianne Moore, and Arthur Daley!
Hold it! That's enough, my dears—
We'll bring down all the chandeliers;
Let's rest and hearken to The Who
As they sing glad songs for Lisa Drew
And carols for Seiji Ozawa,
And of course for Sessue Hayakawa,
And Senator Mansfield and Senator Scott,
Nor let it be said that we forgot
Ida Kaminska, Tug McGraw,
William Ronan, or Alec Waugh.
Now let some good hot punch be brewed
For these mummers mumming in the nude;
Poor chaps, I think they'll soon be frozen,
Carolling out there with no clothes on!
Loud benisons upon you, Mets,
The same on Namath and the Jets—
But Father Christmas, would you please
Bring Joe another set of knees?
A 1970 most euphoric
Is what we've ordered for William Roerick,
Walter Trampler, Billy Taylor,
Tillie Olsen, and Norman Mailer.

The sixties are fading—let 'em fade;
Pax vobiscum, you new decade!
Yes, peace—and quickly, if you please—
To the shattered land of the Vietnamese;
Shalom to Middle Eastern hotheads;
Calm to campus deans and potheads;
Pax to Veeps and commentators;
Quits to fuzz and confrontators.
Let's celebrate with a gentle *gloria*
The spirit of the Moratoria:
May the hope in all those youthful faces
Breed peaceful thoughts in the highest places.
Friends, the burden of this lay
Is: Peace to you all this Christmas Day!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

I AGREE that my wife is a noise and a nuisance, especially in a seaport and sailing place like Southampton. Even her little eyes long for trouble. People come down to sail at the weekend, clumping about in gum boots and sweaters, and you hear Molly's voice and ridicule by the quay: "Stupid yachting people! Look at *him*. He's missed the mooring twice. They can't even sail."

In the restaurant—it is called The Ship—it is ten to one she will be shouting, and then she'll suddenly stop dead like an astonished child. "Why does everyone stare?" she says.

"I expect it is because your conversation is more interesting than theirs," I say.

And Trevor, who is with us, of course, and who always repeats her last phrase or mine, slaps his eager knee and says, "Yes, more interesting."

"After all, you *were* talking about my first wife," I say.

Another slap from Trevor, who grins and says, "Your first wife!"

Molly is as noisy as a guttersnipe. Or as Jack (I remember) once said, "As noisy as a blowlamp, but pretty." Jack was her first husband.

The noise is what has attracted us all to her. We have loved it. She has opinions about everything. She loves an argument. Anything will do. In the old days, I remember, she started a row about whether Jack and I were the same height. He was, in fact, exactly the same height as myself—six feet one and a half inches. She wouldn't have it. About height she is a fanatic. She is under five feet high, and one of her boasts is that her father was the shortest captain in the Royal Navy. I can see her getting up on a chair in the sitting room to peer at the pencil marks we had made on the wall. Standing on the chair, she was the same height as ourselves. This wonder silenced her, but when I helped her down she started arguing again. Our ruler was wrong and so was the tape measure—the taunts shot up at us like a boy's pellets. Jack and I stood looking like a pair of fools who had overgrown our strength, while she went on to say that most of the weights and measures used in shops were fraudulent.

"They probably are," Jack said.

"There you are," she jeered at me.

"Jack's right," I said.

She gaped at us. "I see," she said. "You've fixed it between you."

Those were happy days.

That memory of Jack and me standing against the wall ten years ago takes me to something else—what he said in a pub in the little place on the Kent coast where they then lived. She was sitting on a bar stool between two men who were arguing with her about sailing—her father, the Captain, had been a tartar about boat behavior when she was a child, and she hated sailing more than anything—and Jack and I heard her say to one of them, "You want cooling down," and she put her hand out for the ice bucket. If she had been tall enough, she would have reached it and emptied it over their heads.

Jack was ill, as he often was in those days. In the lazy, detached, speculative voice of the very sick, he said, "See that? Two of them. Molly is a girl who needs two husbands at a time."

He had seen something I had never noticed, and he said this with a little malice. He was either warning or defining me—or even arranging for the succession.

I am a construction engineer, and I was working near their village on a new dock for tankers that was being built in this marsh country. I was a widower living in lodgings, without much to do in my spare time except play about with my boat. All those attacks on people who sailed were really attacks on me. It was one of the bonds between us—her hatred of my boat. She and Jack lived in an old house in the village that had become a hell of trucks and bulldozers on the way to the dock. I got to know Jack and Molly when a big tree was blown down in a gale into their garden and made a large gash in a brick wall. I talked to them, and very soon I was offering to clear up the mess. Molly's husband was not strong enough. He was hacking at the tree with a weak man's fury, and was soon exhausted. I got a machine from the dock, and soon they were watching me at work. I am a practical man. I'm good at things like that. The noise of the machine drowned her opinion of what I was doing. All she could do was to shake her brown hair.

In the following evenings, I rebuilt the wall, and she stood arguing that it was "only a theory" that plumb lines hang straight. After that job was done I was captured. It was an old house, and soon I was mending doors, unstopping drains, relagging pipes, putting in washers, repairing their car. I even painted a door bright blue after she and Jack quarrelled about the colors. And all the time she was arguing about how our dock would pollute the river, destroy the countryside, and drive away the bird life.

"Think of the tankers bringing oil for your car," I'd say.

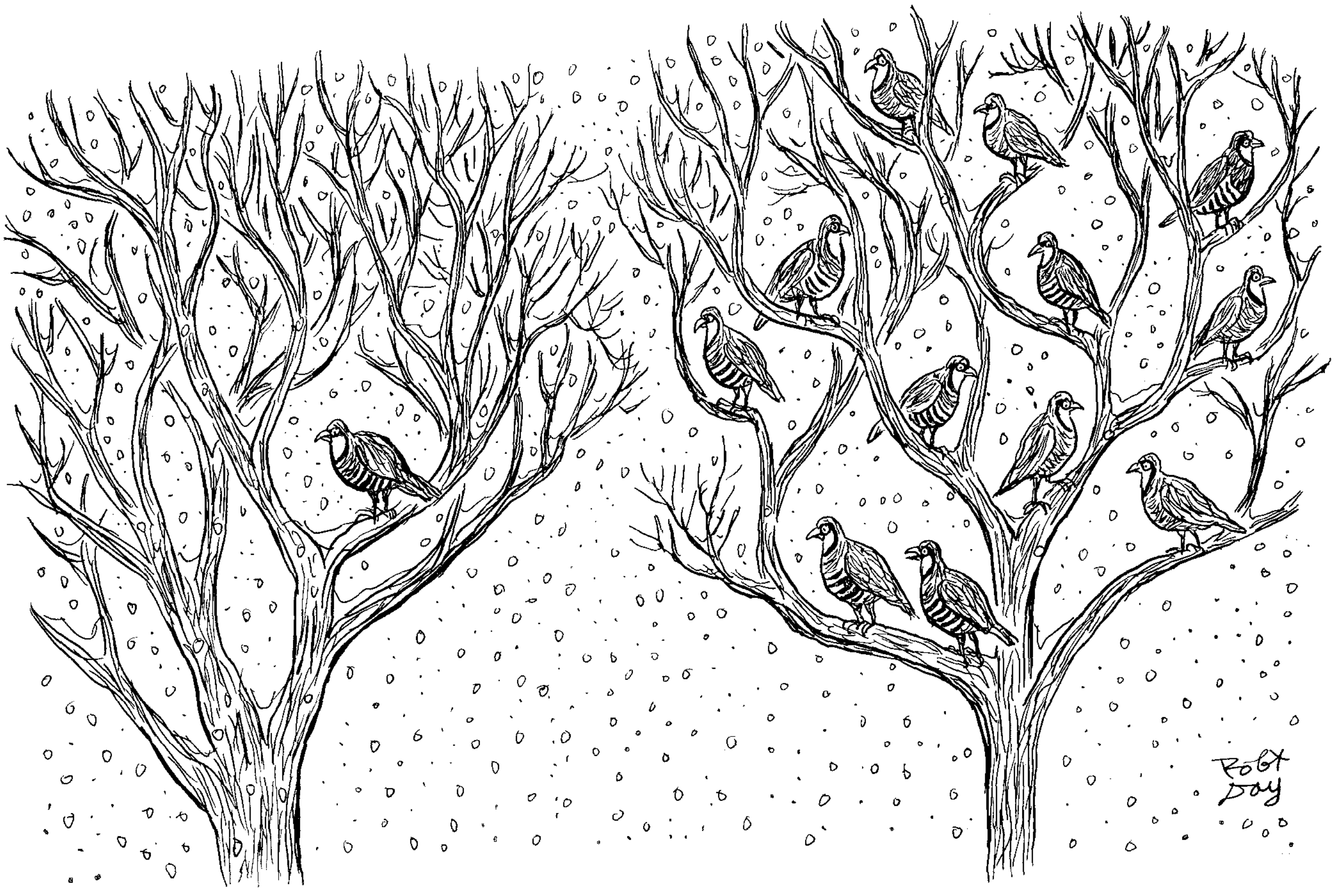
Then she would turn on Jack's doctors, on hospitals, and then on Jack and me. Men were always up to something. "You can't deny it," she would say. "Look at Jack. Look at you. It's guilt."

I don't know what she meant by "guilt," and I don't think Jack did, either, but it made us feel more interesting. She'd get on to "guilt" and say Jack was oversexed, or turn about and say he was undersexed. Or that he threw money away. Or never spent a penny. Or was shut up in himself. Or perpetually running after other women. She wore her hair short in those days and had the habit of giving a nervous sniff in the middle of her sentences—an original and wistful sound in the general clatter which attracted me—and her face would go very red, while her mouth went sputtering gaily away like a little motorbike. Jack listened to her, blinking busily as if he were taking notes. After a tirade, he'd get up, give a nod, and say quietly, "She's an old character." And he would go off, leaving me with her. I would often get up to go with him, but she would stop me.

"Stay here. He's going to sit on the seawall. Leave him alone. It may be a poem."

For Jack was a poet; here was the fascination for me. In my trade I'd never run across a poet. Goodness knows how they lived—he read for publishers, I think—but every so often he would go up to his room or sit on the seawall and, as if he were some industrious hen, he would (as I once said) lay a poem. Molly was angry with me when I said that. She allowed no one to make jokes about his poems except herself.

I wish I had not made this joke, for in a few months his health got very bad. He collapsed. It was I who took him to hospital. I thought he simply had an ulcer. He sat up in bed with a tube in



"The kook! That's an apple tree!"

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his mouth, and I tried to cheer him up.

"You must not make me laugh," he said. "It will tear the stitches."

In a few days, he came home, walked down the village street, and took a glass of whiskey when he got back, and that night he died.

The first thing Molly said to me was indignant. "He borrowed five pounds from me this morning," she said.

Then she became exalted and tender. "It was wonderful that he left the hospital the day before that nurse who was so good to him was leaving. She couldn't bear the matron. No one could."

Then her grief overcame her. "I can't bear it," she wept. "I can't believe he isn't upstairs now."

"Neither can I," I said. "I've never felt like this before."

I loved Jack. I loved her. I had, I felt, been married to both of them.

"The lock on the wardrobe door has gone again," she suddenly said, angrily weeping and accusing me.

I put my arm round her shoulders. She had become motionless and heavy as lead with grief, and she shook my arm off.

"I'll go and look at it," I said. "Leave it to me."

For a poor man, Jack had occasional reckless fits. He hankered after expensive antiques. This wardrobe I knew well, for I had three or four times tried to repair the lock for them. Owing to the weight of the doors, it was often going wrong. It was a huge oaken piece brought over from France by Huguenots—so Molly swore—in the seventeenth century, and it stood in their bedroom. It was the first of Jack's purchases, and she and he had a monumental row about it. She had been going to send it back to the shop, but Jack saved it in a very clever way: he wrote a poem about it. This made it sacred in her eyes. After this, he became a secret furniture buyer and had to store the stuff out of her sight, and once or twice I collected it for him.

"So that is what you and Jack were up to," she said after he died. She was full of admiration for our shadiness. To punish me—and Jack, too—she sold the lot, but not the wardrobe.

The furniture episode became another bond between us, especially because of the toings and froings of the sale, during the time of her grief. Her grief recalled mine when my wife had died, and we often talked about it. She would gaze and nod and talk quietly. She became, except for the tiny sniff, a soundless person. Slowly her grief passed. After a year, my job at the dock came to an end. I was to be moved to the London office and I started packing.

Molly's character suddenly returned to her when she saw my clothes stacked on the table in my lodgings. "It's a good thing!" she said. "It will get you away from that idiotic boat."

My transfer to London was a victory for her opinion. She glittered with victory.

"I'll take you out in it," I said, "for a last sail."

I was astonished, even moved, by her reply. "All right!" she said defiantly, but I could see that, despite her victory, her lip was trembling. I could see that she did not want me to leave, and I didn't want to leave her. I knew that when we were out on the water and I was, perhaps, coming about and making her duck the boom, I would be able to say what I could not say to her on land. We set off, but soon it began to blow, the sails rapped out, and the wind carried away everything she said. She was indignant and frightened. When we got ashore, she said, "You're a masochist, like Jack. It is all guilt."

"I'm going to sell her," I said, looking down at the boat from the quay

wall. While we were out and I was putting in a reef, I had asked her to marry me.

"When you sell it," she said.

I sold it.

UNLUCKILY for her, we hadn't been married for three months when the firm moved me from London back to Southampton. There was the sea again! There were those detested, lovely white tents dotted over the water.

"All yachtsmen are liars," she said when she saw them, accusing me of arranging my transfer. I paid no attention to her; in fact, the trouble we had moving the furniture to our house took her mind off it.

Our house at Southampton was small. I wanted to put the wardrobe—she called it the "armoire"—on the ground floor, but she said it must go into the bedroom. To get it up there I had to take out a tall window and put a hoist in from an attic. The thing weighed a ton. It took two days and three men to get it into the bedroom. It had been Jack's first extravagance, and Molly was very proud of the difficulty it caused. She stood in the garden shouting at the men and came peering at it, to see they did not damage it. In fact, the lock did scrape the brickwork when the thing was halfway in.

The scrape on the brickwork must have weakened the lock, or perhaps the damp summer affected the doors in some way, for they did not easily close. In the winter, there would be a sudden click and one door would swing forward. I put it right, and then, after a malicious lull, the wardrobe—the armoire, I should say—would come open again. Sometimes I worked on the lock; sometimes I wedged and rewedged the feet, blaming the slope of the floor.

In the end, I succeeded, and for a long time the thing was quiet. But one night when I was making love to Molly a door came groaning open like a hound.

"What's that?" said Molly, pushing me away.

I paused in my efforts. "It's only Jack," I said. "It's haunted."

Now, why on earth I should have said such an appalling thing, and at such a moment, I cannot think. If there is one thing we all know, it is that you should never make a joke—if you call that a joke—when you are making love. I would have given anything to take the words back. Perhaps it was a sign that I was beginning to want help, as Jack had done. Hadn't he said she was a woman who needed two husbands?

The effect on Molly was surprising. She sat up, put on the light, and, looking excitedly at the doors, she laughed. " 'Haunted'—that's very perceptive of you," she said, admiring me.

I was shocked by her laugh and pushed her down again. (But, to be frank, love was a fitful thing with Molly. Now that we were married, she said I bullied her into it.) She got free of my arms, put on the light once more, gave herself a shake like a dog, and gazed in a rapture of importance. "It's weird," she said. "It *could* be haunted. Jack always said nothing is forgotten."

Molly loved to sit up arguing in the middle of the night until I was exhausted. She said that all things were permeated by the people who had touched them. Now I made my second mistake. I said the armoire was probably alive with the hands of Huguenots. This idea annoyed her.

"It's very funny about you," she said. "I didn't know you were a jealous man. Or are you trying to change the subject?"

"Jack! Huguenots! All of you! Listen to this! I want help!" I cried to myself.

We were still arguing at three o'clock, when she changed round and said, "I'm glad you're not a jealous man. That means a lot to me."

I was carried away by this compliment and the softness of her voice. Only utter exhaustion could have put me off my guard.

Working in Southampton, I could see from my office window the sloping funnels of liners, the cranes dipping toward them, and, beyond that, the water. As I have said, there was always a sail or two in sight, and on weekends there were scores of them. I had sometimes to go to the boatyards, and there I would look with longing at some craft with beautiful lines on the stocks outside the sheds. The wings of the angry gulls and their quarrelling voices made me think of Molly with love, and it was while I was gazing in this weak mood at a beautiful, dark-blue thirty-foot sloop one afternoon that a man climbed out of her. He was a tall, lazy-voiced fellow, with a tired face, very slim and fair.

"She's lovely," I said.

"Lovely," he said.

"Cigarette?" I said.

"Cigarette. Thanks," he said. "I am selling her."

"Selling her?" I said.

He nodded. I nodded. An interesting fellow—quiet, a listener. We walked round the boat and had a look inside.

"Frankly," he said, "I can't afford her. I've got to give her up. I've just bought an Aston-Martin. I can't run both."

Speed was what he liked, he said. He liked to *move*. He gave a lick to his lip; he was a man like myself, a man giving up one thing for another. I sighed at our singular unity.

"We might do a deal—if I can persuade my wife," I said.

"Ah," he said, "your wife."

His name was Trevor. I asked him to come up to the house later and have a drink. "But not a word," I said.

Trevor was an understanding man.

"Who is this man you're bringing up here?" my wife said when I told her. "One of your sailing friends—I know! What are you and he up to?"

"No," I said. "He's given up sailing. He can't afford it."

One more victory was in my wife's small eyes. And when Trevor arrived, wearing a white pullover under his dandyish long jacket, and very narrow trousers, she looked up from one to the other of us to see who was the taller. I saw her immediate interest. Without realizing it, I was at the beginning of a masterstroke. I had brought to the house a tall man who had given up boats. She was excited by the arrival of an ally.

"My husband's mad about them, quite out of his mind," she said to Trevor. "He's thinking of them all the time. He's always up to something, hanging round boatyards—don't think I don't know. He pretends he's at the engineers', but it's always a boat."

"A boat," said Trevor. There was a gentle, weary note in his voice, and it conveyed to her that mine was one of those infantile and tedious vices that afflict so many men and from which he was now free.

"Better than chasing women," I said.

"Women!" she said. "It's a substitute! Don't tell me."

Trevor listened to us with appreciation as we wrangled. He lived alone, and he looked with pleasure at the excitements of home life. My wife, walking up and down and clattering on, with a glass in her hand, was adding to her victories, and Trevor occasionally glanced at me with private congratulation.

"I'll tell you what happened the other night!" she cried. "We've got an old French armoire in our bedroom and the lock keeps going wrong. He makes out he's repaired it, but I don't know—it's weird! It opens every time we get into bed. Do you know what Tom said? He said, 'I bet that's my first wife again.'" She gave a loud laugh. "Look at his face. Guilt."

"Guilt it must be," I said.

"You've been married before?" said Trevor—his first original sentence. I felt a curious gratitude to him for saying this; it created an intimacy.

"Of course he has," said my wife. "He keeps quiet about it. That's what is infuriating about him. He keeps so quiet."

"Jack was quiet," I said.

"No need to bring up Jack," she said in her sacred voice.

"Who was Jack?" said Trevor.

"He was my husband," she said, stopping with dignity. And then she turned on me. "Tell him about her iron boot," she jeered.

"Iron boot!" said Trevor. He was overjoyed by her.

But she saw she had gone too far and calmed a little. "Not actually an iron boot," she said, and when she laughed her eyebrows were like a pair of wings. "Her skates. He took her roller-skating—roller-skating, my dear!—and one came off and she fell over and he got engaged. Poor Tom."

Then Trevor uttered his next original sentence to me: "Why don't you mend the lock?"

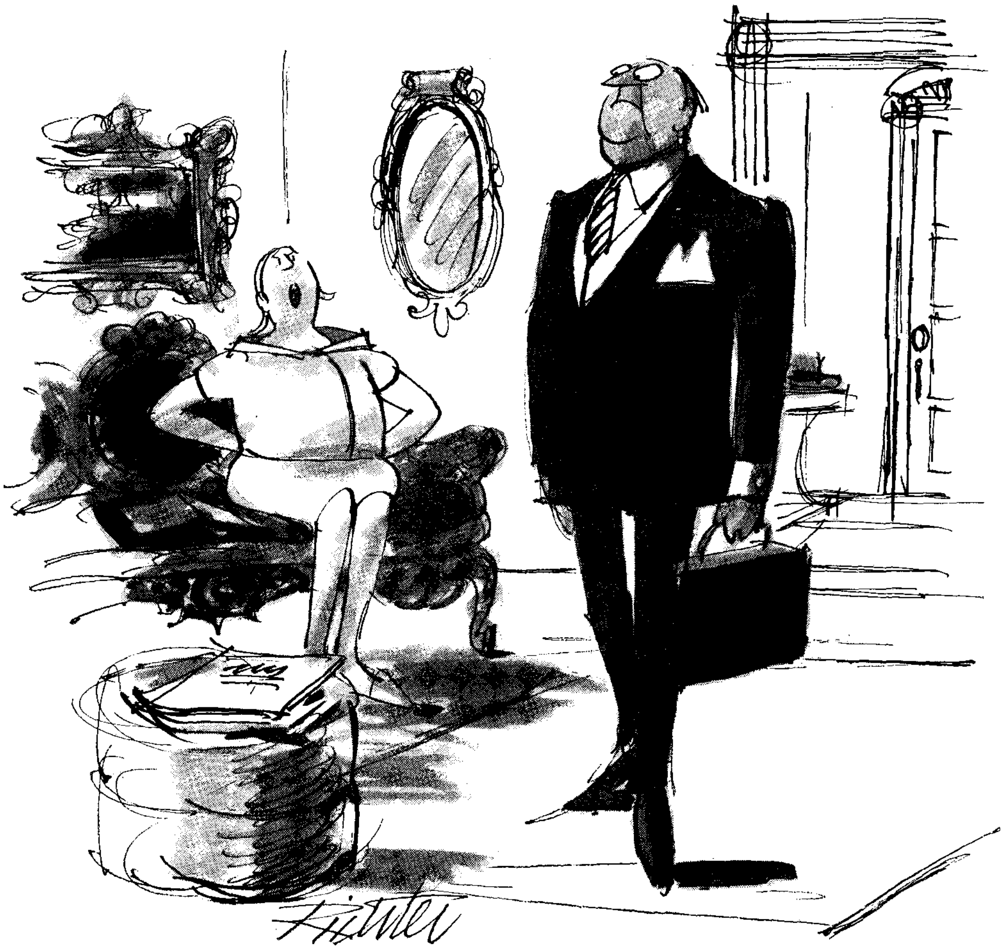
"He's always mending it—or says he is," she said. "He's useless with his hands."

"It's a French thing, very heavy, eighteenth-century," I said.

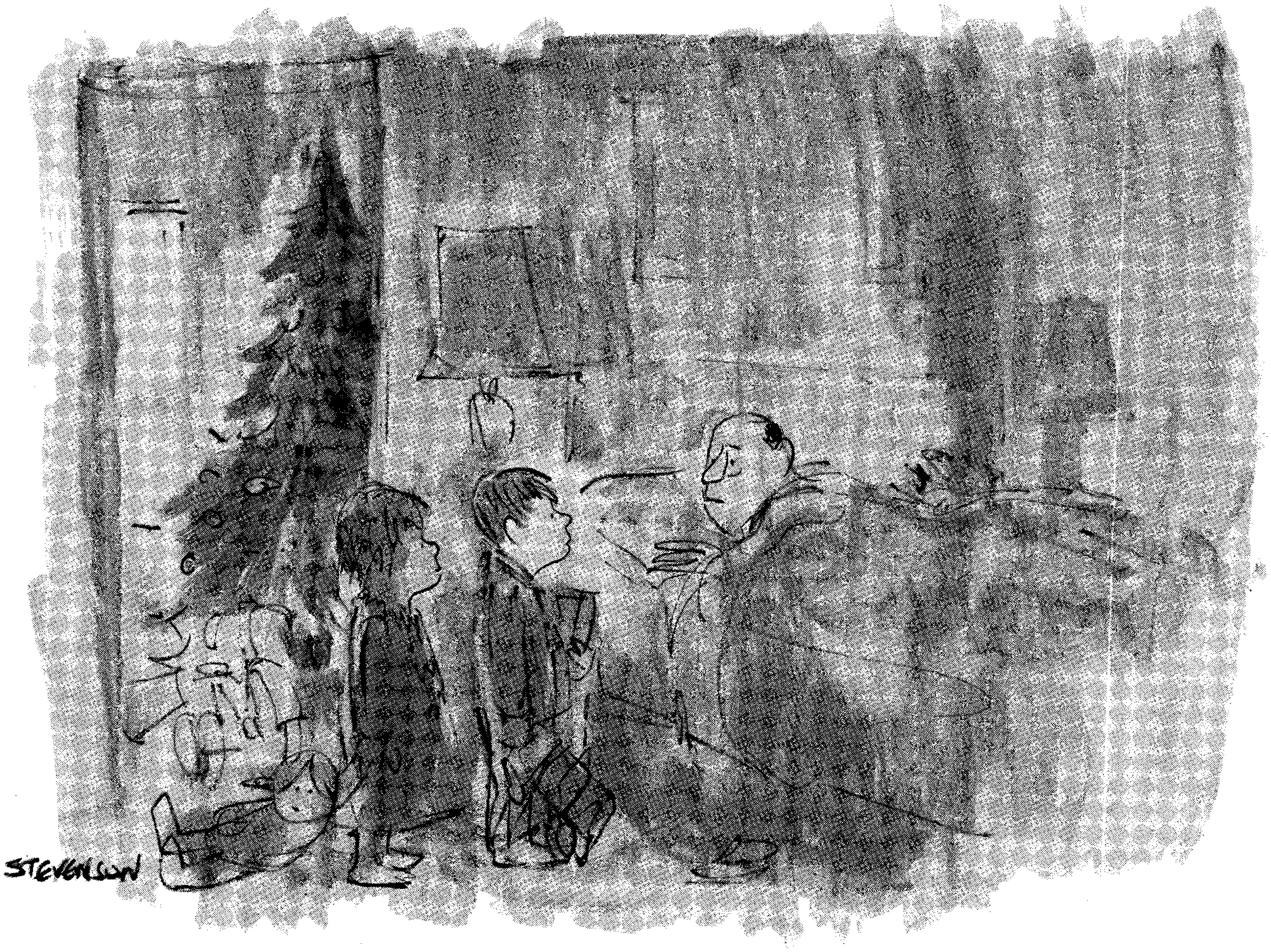
"Seventeenth," she said. "The Huguenots brought it over."

"Full of Huguenots," I said.

Trevor heard out this dispute, and then he uttered three original sentences. "My mother has got one," he



"You have the awesome responsibility of office. What have I got?"



"We opened everything."

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said. "We had a lot of trouble with it. I got it right in the end."

I gazed at Trevor's hands. Like his voice, they were limp and tired. They were long and thin.

"I wish you'd mend ours," Molly said to him in a businesslike way. "And then we'd get some sleep." She gave me a sharp look.

"It's probably like my mother's," Trevor said. "They're all alike. I don't mind having a go. Tomorrow?"

I saw that I had found a treasure. The boat was as good as mine, if Trevor and I worked together on it. And there was more to it than the boat.

"There you are!" said Molly, sneering gaily at me at having an order obeyed as simply as that.

The following evening, I found Trevor on a sofa in our sitting room with a large broken-veined bruise on his forehead. He had mended the lock, but he had moved my wedges, and just as he was testing it the door swung open and hit him on the head. Molly was mopping the wound.

I elected him at once as Molly's additional husband.

OUR life—or rather my life—is more peaceful now. I don't mean less noisy or less of a wrangle, but simply that Trevor now bears some of the burden. He comes round most evenings, and if he misses a few days she is out after him to find out what he is up to.

"He has girls in his flat," she says angrily when she comes back. "I know! Making out he stays in and listens to records. He never listens to ours!"

"He likes noise," I tell her. "He said so last time when he was here. It's company."

Trevor turns up again, and he and I say nothing about our transaction. She has been out with him in his racing car, which terrifies her, and to me she says, "It's nothing but sex. A substitute. You defend him, of course."

It is true that when he runs her up to London for the day I go sailing. When he brings her back, she says, "Racing drivers are a lot of impotent morons."

I say to Trevor, "She's an old character."

"Character," says Trevor, slapping his knee at the word. Then, with a sly look at me—for he likes danger as much as I do—he perhaps says, "Let's go and eat at The Ship." (It is near the mooring where I keep my secret boat.)

We drive down, and at the first sight of a sail she starts about "the stinking yachtsmen." At dinner, she says, in a voice that makes everyone in the restaurant stop eating and stare at us, "Guilt, that is what it is! There is something going on between you two. Men!"

And when her voice drops for a second, she entrances both of us with that other noise, the little doglike sniff.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "The Looters," by John Reese]

He had himself $357,850 here, all in hundreds.

U.S. JOURNAL: KENTUCKY

THE LOGICAL THING, COSTWISE

WHITESBURG

ONCE Bethlehem Steel had decided to begin large-scale strip-mining for coal in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, its public-relations men might have been expected to advise picking a spot as far away from Whitesburg as possible. The *Mountain Eagle*, one of the few county weeklies in the United States that ever print anything that might cause discomfort to anyone with any economic power, is published in Whitesburg; it could be counted on to discuss Bethlehem's plans editorially in terms of mountains scarred, streams polluted, timber destroyed, and houses being endangered by floods and mud slides. Also, Whitesburg's best-known citizen is a lawyer named Harry Caudill, the author of a classic study of Appalachia called "Night Comes to the Cumberlands," and there is no subject that inspires Caudill to greater heights of acid eloquence than the subject of strip-mining—except, perhaps, the subject of out-of-state corporations that have managed to extract extraordinary riches from eastern Kentucky while the mountaineers who live there remain the poorest white people in the United States. More than any other man in Appalachia, Caudill can bring a controversy to the attention of the outside press and can muster the support of national conservation groups. He also happens to have the old-fashioned habit of assigning responsibility for a corporation's actions to the families that are said to own large chunks of its stock. "This may be the oldest forest of its kind on the planet," he says. "This forest was here when the Rockies rose up and when they went down and when they rose up again. It has withstood two great sieges by glaciers. But it couldn't withstand a single assault by the Mellons."

Bethlehem, through a subsidiary called Beth-Elkhorn, owns the mineral rights to about forty thousand acres of land in eastern Kentucky, but it happened to be convenient to start strip-mining at Millstone, in the southern end of Letcher County—not far from Whitesburg. The work, subcontracted to a local firm, began last summer. The letters from Caudill and his allies—to the governor ("I urge you to call upon Bethlehem to abstain from this act of greed"), to the president of Bethlehem Steel, to the New York *Times* and Charles Lindbergh and Arthur Godfrey and just about anyone else who had ever indicated an interest in conservation—began even earlier than that. Before long, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* ran an item pointing out that the Millstone operation appeared to be in violation of several provisions of a law Kentucky passed in 1966 to minimize the damage caused by strip-mining. Then the Division of Reclamation, the state agency responsible for enforcing the law, suspended the permit to mine at Millstone. The president of the state's Izaak Walton League—a young lawyer who had helped write the strip-mine legislation while working for the state—visited the site and eventually filed a two-million-dollar damage suit on behalf of one of the local landowners.

But in a few days Bethlehem's subcontractors had corrected the violations to the satisfaction of the Division of Reclamation—which, the *Courier-Journal* wrote, had come to be so easily satisfied that its behavior "raised suspicions of political interference." Bethlehem took full-page ads in the *Mountain Eagle* and some other papers in the area listing its accomplishments in reclamation and beautification throughout the country. Thanks to Bethlehem's restoration programs, the ad said, "hundreds of acres of previously ugly terrain in various locations have been transformed into flowering fields and verdant slopes, pulsing with game and other wildlife." At Millstone, the strip-mining continued.

HELLIER

THE question that occurs to someone seeing Hellier for the first time is what damage a strip-mine could do to it that hasn't already been done. Hellier and Lookout and Henry Clay and Allegheny are what remain of an isolated cluster of camps that various coal companies built in Pike County for their workers earlier in the century. The roads are accompanied by streams the color and consistency of old gravy, and dotted with the hardy roadside blossom of eastern Kentucky—abandoned automobile hulks. The creeks are spanned by decaying wooden bridges leading to dilapidated old coal-camp houses, many of them now occupied by retired or disabled miners. The lines of houses are broken occasionally by abandoned slag heaps—known locally as "red dogs"—which sometimes catch fire from spontaneous combustion and burn for years, giving off a putrid smoke. The second site scheduled for strip-mining by Beth-Elkhorn is not far from the old camps, and one of the protest letters sent to the president of Bethlehem came from the Pike County Citizens Association, a poor people's organization that has its headquarters in an old company store in Hellier.

The mineral rights to the land that many poor mountain people live on were sold to coal companies for practically nothing at the turn of the century under the terms of what is known as a "broad-form deed"—giving the coal company the right to do any damage to the land it considers necessary for the extraction of the coal. Strip-mining happens to be the cheapest way of getting coal. In the dense mountains that cover eastern Kentucky, it amounts to cutting out a wedge all the way around a mountain, as if for building a very wide road—the purpose usually being to remove the outer edge of a seam of coal whose center has already been extracted by underground mining. If the dirt and rock that covered the coal are merely pushed off the cut into a pile on the mountainside, they can, with the addition of some moisture, slide down into the valley below, burying a road or a cornfield, blocking a creek, or destroying a house. The sediments can pollute rivers and alter the channels of creeks enough to cause flash floods. If the coal mined has a high sulphur content—which a small percentage of coal in eastern Kentucky does—the "acid mine water" formed from its exposure can get into a stream and kill every living thing. In eastern Kentucky, there are fifty-five thousand acres of "orphan mines"—land that, having been reached before strip-mining regulations were established, was mined with no consideration whatever for the reclamation of the mountain or the life of the people below. "Right when they do it, it's not so awful bad," Edith Easterling, a local woman who runs the Marrowbone Folk School, in Lookout, has said. "But when it rains, it's terrible. And after they've ruined your

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land, you still pay taxes on it. You can go to town, but you can't get a lawyer to represent you." In an eastern-Kentucky county, most of the "town people"—particularly the public officials—have some financial interest in the coal industry, and it is sometimes said of the local lawyers, "If there's one who's not on a monthly retainer to a coal company, it's an oversight." The Appalachian Volunteers and other poverty workers who came to eastern Kentucky at the beginning of the War on Poverty inevitably found strip-mining the most compelling issue among the poor—and the issue that brought the greatest hostility from the people in political and economic control.

In Pike County, opposition to strip-mining reached a climax in the summer of 1967. In a quiet place called Island Creek, a retired miner named Jink Ray told the Puritan Coal Company that its bulldozer was not going to come on the steep mountainside that rises in back of his house. Ray was supported not only by poverty workers but by a number of his neighbors, two of whom stood in front of Puritan's bulldozer when an attempt was made to come onto the property. After some arguing in court and a lot of arguing in the newspapers, the governor himself withdrew Puritan's permit. The incident is regarded by some local historians as the only victory for poor people in the history of Pike County, but the coal operators also seem to have profited from the experience. Landowners are ordinarily given a small royalty on the coal removed from their land, even if payment is not legally required, and if a man appears to be as stubborn as Jink Ray even after money is offered, coal operators skip his land rather than start a controversy that could stir up pressure for stricter regulations or could get somebody shot. The policy doesn't involve passing over much land. Although poor people in Pike County might point to Jink Ray as an example of how a mountaineer ought to act when his land is threatened, years of being poor and helpless have left many of them afraid to act that way. "Fear in poor people is one of the awfulest things," Edith Easterling says.

An organized effort of poor people against strip-mining in eastern Kentucky is hampered by the fact that there are practically no organizers left. Ten days after Jink Ray's victory, three poverty workers were arrested for sedition—attempting to overthrow the government of Pike County. Not long after that, the Appalachian Volunteers lost the grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity they were operating under. Eventually, the Kentucky Un-American Activities Committee—widely known as QUACK—came to hold hearings at the Pike County courthouse in order to ascertain how far Communists had gone in subverting established authority. When Edith Easterling was subpoenaed, she used the occasion to make known her opinion of the county's officials. "I went down to the courthouse," she recalls. "I told them, 'I've not done but one thing I'm ashamed of, and that's to vote for these dirty birds.' " About the only outside organizer left in Pike County is the director of the Pike County Citizens Association, and he and Edith Easterling don't get along—so the remnant of an organization is split into two remnants.

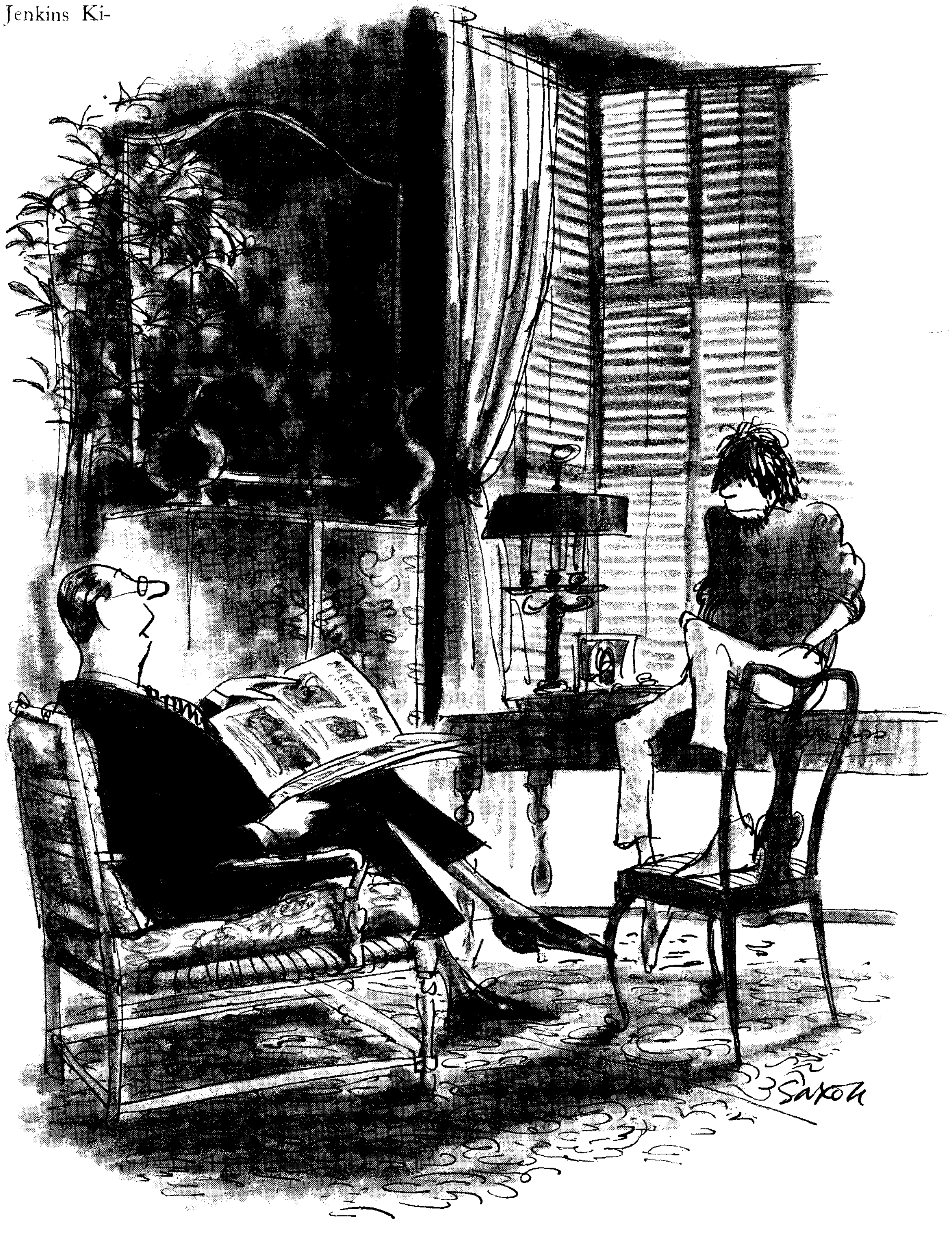
There are some people who believe that Bethlehem might run into violence in Pike County; strip-mining equipment has been blown up in the past. But anger in the past has usually been related to strip-mining that occurs right above people's houses, and the proposed Bethlehem site is rather remote. It's a section called Flatwoods, back in the mountains, where the auto bodies and the slag heaps and the grim, gray houses of Hellier can't be seen. It's so removed from Hellier, in fact, that it's still beautiful.

JENKINS

DAVID ZEGEER, the division superintendent of Beth-Elkhorn's operations in eastern Kentucky, talks a lot about blackberries. A visitor to Zegeer's office in Jenkins is almost certain to leave with a tiny jar of puce blackberry jelly—made, the label says, from blackberries "picked from the fruitful vines of Marshall's Branch surface mine." Beth-Elkhorn had never done any extensive strip-mining in eastern Kentucky, but several years ago, at a place near Jenkins called Marshall's Branch, it did do some surface mining, mainly by augering—a method that is similar to stripping, although somewhat less severe. According to Zegeer, the results of Beth-Elkhorn's reclamation work at Marshall's Branch demonstrate that surface mining actually improves the land. For one thing, he says, the mining cut creates a flat area encircling the mountain (known in the trade as a "bench"), and "except for aesthetically, there is no commercial value to steep land." ("Dave told me the bench would be good for cattle grazing," Harry Caudill likes to say, "and I told him when Bethlehem finished stripping all that land they will have created the longest, narrowest cow pasture in the history of agriculture—fifty feet wide and five thousand miles long.") Zegeer enjoys taking visitors around the mountain at Marshall's Branch, remarking on what a nice access road the flat bench makes, describing the *Sericea lespedeza* and crown vetch and Chinese chestnuts Beth-Elkhorn has planted, and, most enthusiastically of all, pointing out the blackberries. Because of Zegeer's enthusiasm, the Jenkins Kiwanis Club plans to dispense jelly jars to the women living near Marshall's Branch, buy the jelly they produce for a fair market price, and sell it at stores in state parks—after affixing a label that points out its origin. "Not to fight back, exactly," Zegeer says, "but just to show what people can do."

Although Zegeer says he is proud to have a hand in improving the land of eastern Kentucky and helping the economy of Jenkins, he emphasizes that the decision to begin strip-mining was made because it was "the logical thing, costwise." An area northwest of Jenkins that has been almost mined out by Bethlehem through one of its underground mines, for instance, still has about ten million tons of outcrop coal that can be reached through strip-mining, and Zegeer says that the time to mine it is obviously when it can be used to keep the underground mine's preparation plant operating. Zegeer points out that Bethlehem paid good money for the mineral rights to the land, and obviously has the right to get its money's worth by recovering all the coal in it. (It is common in the coal industry to talk about "recovering" coal, as if the mountain snatched the coal away from Bethlehem sometime in the past, and Bethlehem is obligated to get it back; a pro-strip-mining letter to the *Mountain Eagle* said, "I don't believe God would have put all this coal here if he hadn't intended for it to be taken out.") In an interview in the *Mountain Eagle* just after Bethlehem announced its strip-mining plans, Zegeer was quoted as saying, "If there's something wrong with my company, there's something wrong with the country."

There are, of course, disagreements between Zegeer and his opponents about the facts of strip-mining. According to Zegeer, for instance, the idea that strip-mining causes sedimentation in the streams is one of the many myths concocted by the conservationists; according to the conservationists, the idea that strip-mining is vital to the eastern-Kentucky economy is one of the many myths invented by the coal operators. But Zegeer and the conservationists would disagree even if they agreed on the facts. The reclama-



"You know how it is, Ted. Since I *went to Princeton, I was sort of hoping you'd want to go somewhere else."*

"Have you noticed? Big Bird in sky getting bigger and bigger and bigger."

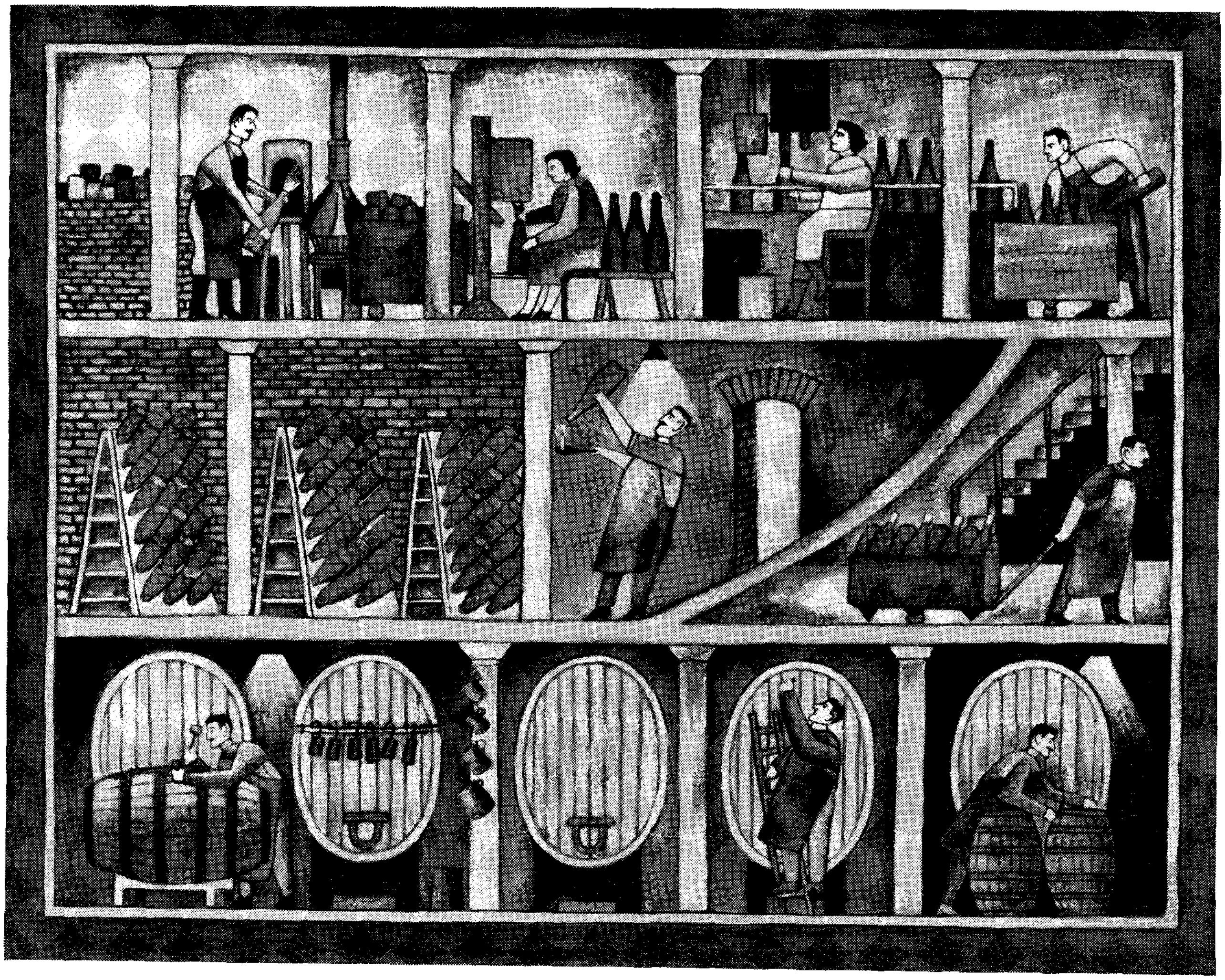
tion job that Zegeer proudly displays at Marshall's Branch—where the vertical side of the cut still forms a naked bluff that is thirty feet high in places—would strike most conservationists as a horror. And when Zegeer is told of some conservationists believing that Bethlehem ought to be satisfied with the millions of tons of coal it has already deep-mined from the area north-west of Jenkins, he shakes his head in amazement and says, "You can't just walk away from ten million tons of high-grade metallurgical coal."

LEXINGTON

THE decision of Bethlehem to join the local firms that have been strip-mining in eastern Kentucky was bound to revitalize the anti-strip-mining efforts of Kentucky conservationists—partly because Bethlehem could be expected to be more sensitive to criticism than local coal operators. There is obviously an increasing national concern about problems of the environment, and Bethlehem, having been accused of doing more than its share to create the problems, has been active lately in trying to patch up its reputation. It is widely believed that public-relations considerations might lead a corporation such as Bethlehem to stop doing anything that offended any vocal segment of the population—although in this case public-relations considerations have so far merely led it to run full-page newspaper ads about good works and to give away jars of blackberry jelly while continuing to do whatever is logical costwise.

Not long after strip-mining was begun by Beth-Elkhorn at Millstone, the Kentucky Conservation Council passed a resolution calling for the prohibiting of strip-mining in eastern Kentucky—the feeling of many conservationists being that the steep terrain and heavy rainfall of that part of the state make reclamation impossible. When the council called a meeting in Lexington for people who were interested in lobbying to turn the resolution into law, those who attended did not appear to be particularly optimistic about their chances for success. From past battles, they are aware that the defenders of strip-mining have formidable economic and political resources. It is also possible that the most effective weapon conservationists had in the past—public opinion—may have been weakened by their own efforts. Even without strict enforcement, the 1966 law makes it much less likely that a poor mountaineer will lose his house to a strip-mining landslide, and the general policy of avoiding people like Jink Ray makes it much less likely that strip-miners will become involved in an embarrassing confrontation. The conservationists are left in the position of talking less about living, identifiable people and more about sedimentation and ecological balance and the obligation of the society toward generations unborn. "People!" Caudill said at the Lexington meeting when somebody mentioned to him that the human element in the controversy might have diminished. "We've already fought this on the people issue, and nobody cared. They said, 'They're just a bunch of paupers—let it go.' Nobody cares about people in this country. I think we're better off talking about the environment."

—CALVIN TRILLIN



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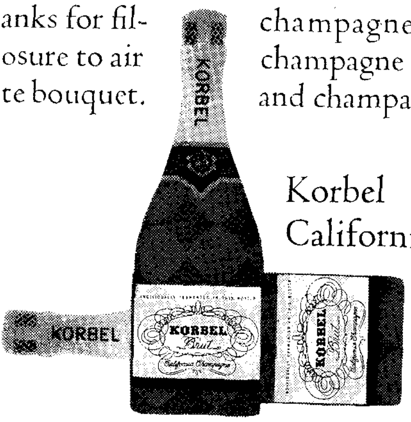


THE THEATRE

A WOMAN OF CHARACTER

THE first thing to be said about "Coco," at the Mark Hellinger, is that it succeeds because Katharine Hepburn fiercely, radiantly, superbly refuses to let it fail. Without her imperious and yet touching presence in the role of the dragonish dressmaker, Mlle. Chanel, "Coco" would seem an inexplicable imitation of a nineteen-thirties Hollywood musical, with a conventionally mawkish story line; tunes that are but echoes of innumerable earlier tunes ("Songs to chew bubble gum by," my cynical young companion noted at the intermission); feverishly overdesigned costumes, by which a large number of bony, identical mannequins are turned into dangerous-looking birds of prey; and sets vulgar and ingenious, on whose many levels, thanks to mirrors and turntables, the cast is displayed like so much constantly revolving, extremely costly merchandise. Now, all this gorgeous claptrap had a sufficient reason for being in the grim thirties, but what on earth is it doing on the stage of the Mark Hellinger in the very last days of the sumptuous sixties? And not being parodied, mind you, not being made to serve the shoddy office of high or low Camp—no, it is being presented in dogged, mysterious good faith by some of the cleverest and most experienced theatrical people alive: Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics; André Previn, who wrote the music; and Cecil Beaton, who did the sets and costumes. I have used the word "mysterious;" under the circumstances, it doesn't seem strong enough, for without Miss Hepburn this elaborate enterprise, so carefully prepared over several years, would collapse of its own ill-calculated weight. Luckily for everyone, Miss Hepburn stands blazing at the very heart of things, and her energy manages to dominate the stage even on the rare occasions when she is off it, changing costumes or (if she has such a human weakness) catching her breath.

Miss Hepburn is a great star, as well as an actress; she is also that rare thing, a woman of character, with the dauntlessness—and, to be sure, the dauntingness—that this distinction implies. If, reversing Margaret Fuller's dictum, Miss Hepburn were to refuse to accept the universe, I would tremble for the universe. She cannot really dance or sing, but she has no difficulty convincing us that her substitute for the real thing is itself the real thing. The one-line jokes that she has been given in lieu of dialogue have, on her lips, the steely ring of epigram. She does not try very hard to impersonate the original Coco; there is far more Connecticut in her than there is Provence. No matter. Insouciantly, she gathers up the trumpery materials by which she is surrounded and, staring straight out at the audience, she seems to say, in that harsh, peculiar voice which is half Salome, half Mary Poppins, "I see this as gold," and so persuades us to be dazzled.

The others in the cast of "Coco" are present as foils, and it scarcely matters that they have been assigned a single characteristic apiece and are therefore obliged to strike the same note over and over, all evening long. Gale Dixon is a sweet young girl from the provinces, come to Paris to seek her fortune as a model; David Holliday is the brash young newspaperman who longs to turn her into a dutiful housewife; René Auberjonois is a homosexual dress designer so effeminate in his chirpings and flutterings that he threatens to require caging; and George Rose is Coco's lawyer and old friend, whose advice to her is always wrong and who is always astonished when it turns out that Coco is right. Mr. Rose sings one song rather nicely, but Miss Dixon and Mr. Holliday as lovers belong in Central Park, not Paris, and they deserve the tiresome marriage to which they are doomed. But I am determined not to pick faults; for one thing, there are too many, and, for another, I have already vehemently declared that they do not matter. "Coco" is a terrible show and well worth going to see.

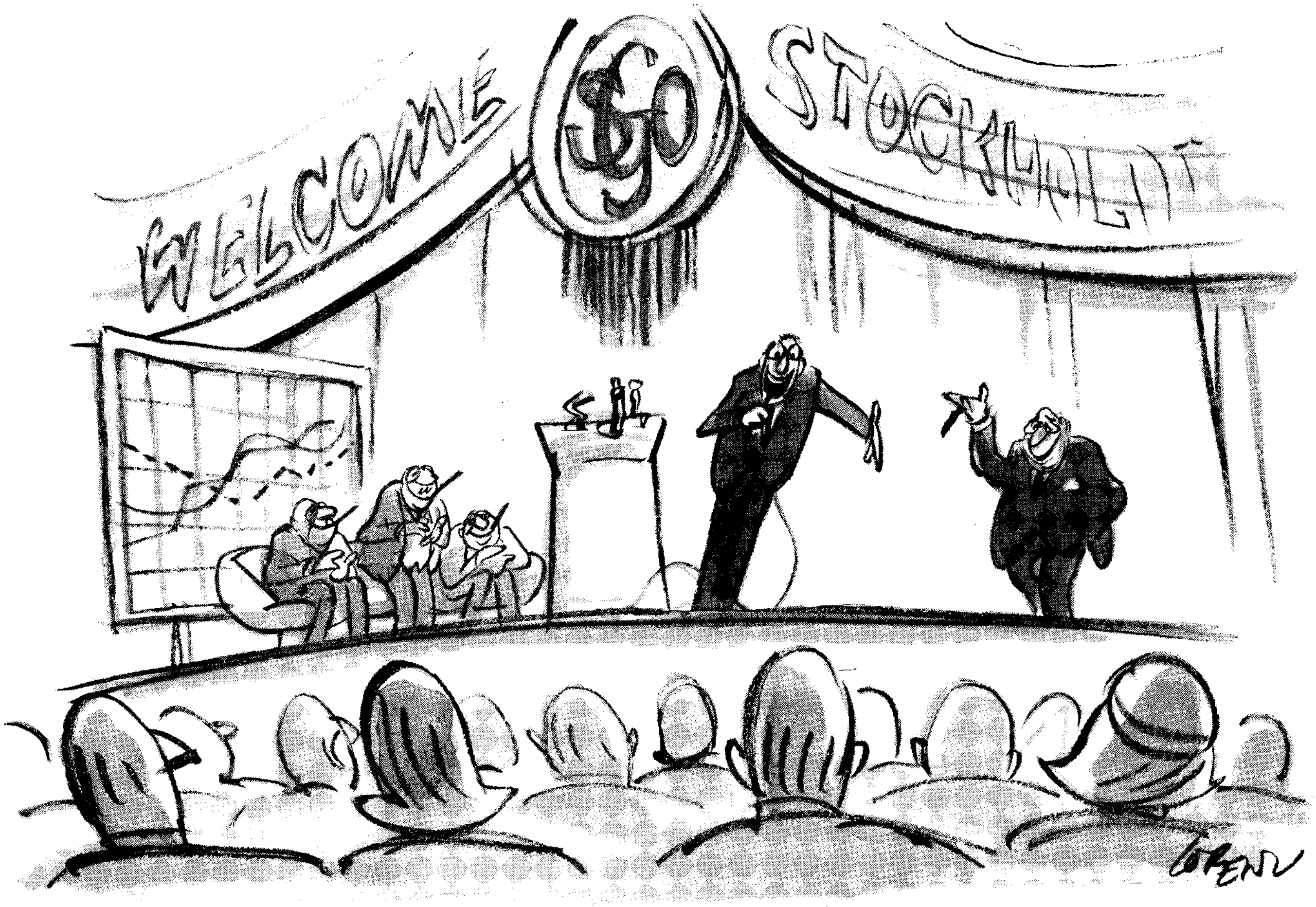
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Oy at the Shimanskys'

IN the program of "Seven Days of Mourning," which opened last week at the Circle in the Square, there are several short Hasidic parables and a quotation from the Talmud ("We force a man to do good . . ."), and the play itself is described as "A Fable by Seymour Simckes." I'm not much use to you on fables, my least favorite form of literature, but I'll do my best. At the start, we are all but flung into the squalid slum apartment of a Jewish family named Shimansky. Although the time and place have been inked out of the program (a mistake, I think; specific information sharpens and deepens meaning, and never muffles it), there is a reference to Broome Street and another to Hitler's Germany, so we can assume that the time is the nineteen-thirties and the place the lower East Side. The Shimanskys are in a state of great emotional disarray because a younger daughter, an imbecile, flung herself out of a window six days before, and since suicide is considered a sin, they are not allowed to mourn her for the customary seven days, or even to admit that she existed. The plot is concerned with the ways in which a crooked little fellow who refers to himself as "the Doctor" (as I shall, too, although he may be meant to symbolize something else) forces the family to accept their grief for the girl and, in the one day left to them, go through the rites of mourning her. A gadfly of a man—frequently a comic and know-it-all gadfly, with a prayer shawl under his coat—he never lets up on the Shimanskys, dragging out of each of them a Jewish version of confession. "Tell me your secrets, tell me your secrets," he keeps demanding as he leaps around the room or onto the furniture, an insistent, cocky pest. He wins in the end, of course, leaving them limp but in considerably better shape than they were when he found them. And he has been up against quite a bunch. The Shimanskys, maimed physically or spiritually, are as squalid as their surroundings. The mother is a virago and a tyrant; the father is a spineless slob; another daughter, who comes home with her deaf-mute husband and little boy after being gone for seven years, is a crook, and seems to be as bossy and spiteful as her mother (either the character of the daughter or Nancy Franklin's performance of it is not very clear); and the son of the family—and also the Doctor's chief antagonist—is a helpless, resentful, and malicious cripple in a wheelchair.

I found the first act of the play completely absorbing, but in the second act I started to move away from it, and began to have a number of reservations. The performances by al-



"And here he is, folks—fit, fair, and fifty! Our chairman and your chairman—Mr. I. J. Beekner!"

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most everyone seemed too broad, too high-pitched, too *oy!*-ridden. Much of the action is ritual and incantation, and I think there could be a little more mystery in the playing; there is no reason to lay everything out all that baldly. The behavior of Carol Teitel as a meddlesome neighbor who is meant to be a low-comedy nuisance seems no more outlandish than that of anybody else. Shimen Ruskin, funny and fascinating to start with as the urgent, stinging Doctor, became more and more an actor having the time of his life in the part of his life. I would like to make the timid suggestion that, devoted though I am to intermissions, "Seven Days of Mourning" would be better without one, and with considerable cutting. The intermission breaks the tension and illusion that have been building up, and they are never recaptured. I also think the play would be better if it were not so self-consciously ethnic or so overtly moral and/or therapeutic. The ending, with the crippled son weeping in the Doctor's arms, is fade-out sentimental and embarrassing, but it is one of the very few fake moments in the show. These objections aside, I think that Mr. Simckes has accomplished quite a lot in this, his first play. His attempts at humor pay off more often than not. His characters are unattractive or downright repellent, but they are believable, and so is their private, cul-de-sac world. Among the actors, I admired Stefan Gierasch as the timid, foolish father, partly—but only partly—because he didn't keep bellowing at the top of his lungs, like the others.

TO be as brief (and regretful) as possible about it, "Gertrude Stein's First Reader," a revue at the Astor Place, doesn't work, because it never hits on the right style—or any style—of performance. Adapted from a posthumous and delightful little volume of Miss Stein's essays, poems, and playlets, it does not echo the author or capture her eccentric quality—with its odd combinations of gravity and humor, elegance and ingenuousness, among other elements—as did "In Circles," a few years ago, or the enchanting "Four Saints in Three Acts," a few decades ago. Instead, it is pervaded by fake innocence and an over-eagerness to please on the part of everybody in sight. Everybody is four young and engaging singers, who sing well but were just not told how to behave properly on that particular stage. The composer and accompanist for the show is Ann Sternberg, whose music sounds agreeable enough (agreeable is not quite enough), and who also sings, on occasion. "Gertrude Stein's First Reader" is not a total loss—some of the numbers have a kind of charm—but, even at its best, it is not up to one of the funniest and loveliest librettos in town. Herbert Machiz is the adapter and director. —EDITH OLIVER

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In effect, Supervisor Roos threw the baby out with the bath water—and he was wrong. Solid legislation is put together by laying one supporting brick up against another, one by one, and then applying a mortar mixture of desire, sincerity and reason to keep it together. And anyone who knowingly waters the mortar for partisan political advantage ought to be the last to cast a stone.—*Communication received by a Missourian from his state representative.*

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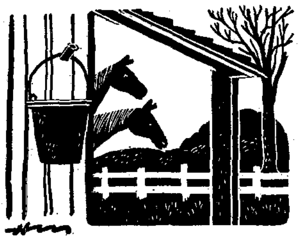
THE RACE TRACK

End of the Line

RACING in New York went out in a blaze of betting at Aqueduct last week. On the final Saturday of the season, more than forty-four thousand aficionados tossed $5,208,138 into the tote. On getaway day, last Monday, thirty-two thousand-odd went for $4,393,815 on nine races run in a conventional Christmas-card setting. (One halfway expected to find a claimer for reindeer, four-year-olds and upward, on the program.) To give things an additional holiday touch, the New York Racing Association upped the purses all round on both days and provided silver trophies for the owners of the winners. The Grey Lag Handicap, at seven furlongs, on Saturday, was a lively affair, with Bushido, an 11–1 chance, winning it by a neck from Ocean Bar. The Wheatley Stable's King Emperor, the favorite, was third, three lengths behind. He carried the top weight, 121 pounds, giving eight to Bushido and thirteen to Ocean Bar. Bushido, who is owned by Susan B. Fisher, was bred at her Pharamond Farm, in Michigan; he's a dark-bay three-year-old by Tudor Grey out of Got Idea. It was his fourth win in six tries this season, and his first in a stakes race. A hundred and thirty-five horses were entered for getaway day, which may be one for the book, and a hundred and five ran. Rudy Turcotte rode three of the winners, taking the last race of the afternoon by four lengths in the twilight, and bringing his season total at Belmont Park and Aqueduct to seventy-six. Not bad for a beginner.



TO put the tote before the horse, this year's pari-mutuel handle soared to a new high of $691,507,890, although there were fewer cash customers at Belmont, Aqueduct, and Saratoga than there were last season (6,303,431 compared to 6,600,989). The take from that is sixteen per cent (you can figure it out on your computer), of which ten per cent goes to the state. That, along with the other assessments on racing, should add to the status of the sport in Albany.

I haven't asked the horseplayers I know about their fortunes or misfortunes, but I imagine it was without many regrets that they said bye-bye to 1969, for it was one of those seasons. Indeed, there were hardly half a dozen horses worth talking about: Arts and Letters, of course, who was voted Horse of the Year in all the polls; Majestic Prince, the handsomest three-year-old I've seen in many a day; the unbeaten Gallant Bloom, who not only was the best three-year-old filly but took on the top older members of her sex and beat them; and Silent Screen, who was tabbed the best of the two-year-olds. My fancy for the spring classics of 1970, if anyone cares, is Pontifex. Remember the Hopeful at Saratoga, in which he had the worst possible racing luck but still finished third in that six-horse photo finish? That's good enough for me.

WELL, I expect we'll all be back at the Big A come the second Tuesday in March—that is, if the gentry in the Albany legislature, eager for more money from the tote, don't fix an earlier date. And, speaking of openings, rumors grow that Santa Anita's, which is scheduled for December 26th, is likely to be postponed because of labor troubles.

THIS week's report would be incomplete without some reference to the riding of Baltazar at Laurel the other afternoon. It seems that he had a date to have his tonsils out but changed his mind (for which I don't blame him) and went to the track instead. Booked for eight mounts, he finished second on the first one, then won on the next seven. I wonder when he'll have that tonsillectomy.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-five lucky days in 1970.

—AUDAX MINOR

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> Raccoons fatten themselves of great size and different construction from anything yet conceived of, will be driven over the earth's surface at enormous velocity, hundreds of miles an hour, by new methods of propulsion."
>
> —*Boulder* (*Colo.*) *Daily Camera.*

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Vatterott

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LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 17

PARIS today ranks third on the international art market, which has two firsts: New York, for its big prices and its huge appetite for art, and London, as the place where most of the great salable art now turns up either to begin with or to end with—temporarily, in exchange for the buyer's check. But Paris is still first as an art exhibitor, owing to the natural French talent for display and the ingrown French habit of conservation, induced by France's repeated wars, from which a special watchful, scholarly attitude toward art values in general has emerged that is typically French, bourgeois, and, in practice, admirable. At the Paris Musée National d'Art Moderne, the current exhibition (to be on view until mid-February) of works by the Blue Rider Paul Klee, formerly a teacher at the Gropius Bauhaus in Weimar, furnishes a rarely perfect example of this French gift for studiousness and conclusions about art. The Klee exhibition consists of only a hundred and ninety-nine items, of which a hundred and fifty-five were not exhibited in Manhattan's Klee show at the Guggenheim Museum two years ago, and of which a dozen or more have never been exhibited anywhere at all. The informative quality of the pictures shown, and their ability to give what almost amounts to original pleasure to the French, comes from the fact that though it is really the second big Klee show staged in Paris, the first one (at the same museum in 1948) was practically submerged by an outburst of strikes, so that relatively few of the French managed to see it and become familiar with its treasures, all of which came exclusively from Bern—presumably from the Klee Foundation created by the artist's son Felix.

Klee is so unlike any other artist of his or our time (including his close Bauhaus friend Kandinsky), and his paintings are so unlike rationalized reality as we, with our less gifted senses, know it, that even to indicate the superior sort of joy he lends us when we view certain of his small, ineffable compositions in this exhibition can be done only in his words, not ours. He early said, "Art does not reproduce the visible, it makes visible." As a Swiss-born European impelled by imagination toward warm, bright lands, on his first visit to Kairouan, in Tunisia, he wrote in his diary, "Here is the meaning of this happy moment: Color and I are one. I am a painter." As for his pictures' colors, as varied as rainbows, he often used them with the violence of lightning. Among the exhibition's paintings considered famous is "Clocher Vert en Centre," basically a magnificent mathematical creation in multiple colors, with a green shaft in the middle like a tree trunk. There is also "Graduation de Cristal," an extraordinary celebration of the genesis of part of the world (genesis having always interested him more than its product). And there is the seductive "Fruits Suspendus," a fugue in red that is part of a series of rhythmic variations by which he wished to realize in form and color Bach's "Art of the Fugue," Bach being to him the musician who was "more modern than the twentieth century." It must be recalled that Klee was brought up from childhood as a violinist, as a boy played Mozart's trios with his parents, and continued to play the rest of his life. Some of his paintings are deliberately comical, which is a relief. "Saltimbanque," of 1930, never shown in New York, ranks as one of the greatest miniature posters of our time—one of the most carefully elucidated triumphs in balanced line: a mountebank reduced to his merest elements for eternal preservation. Klee was a gentle genius—scholarly and a great reader, especially of the classic French playwright Racine, whose sense of order gave him satisfaction. He was also a talented cook, who cooked for pleasure for his wife and small son. He died in 1940, aged only sixty, of a strange malady called scleroderma.

The Klee exhibition, assembled under the supervision of the museum's *conservateur en chef*, M. Jean Leymarie, is regarded in European museum circles as an exceptional success, considering the limited popular appeal of Klee's work in France. The pictures were selected, mostly in Switzerland, by the museum's new young assistant curator, Mme. Françoise Cachin-Nora. She is the granddaughter of the Pointillist painter Paul Signac and also of Marcel Cachin, the left-wing leader who, after the famous Congrès de Tours, in 1920, split Léon Blum's Socialists, the receding portion becoming the official French Communist Party, where Cachin established himself. There are few young female curators in France, and the training is heavy. After art studies at the École du Louvre or at the Sorbonne (usually under André Chastel, art critic of *Le Monde* and the most noted French art professor), there is a stiff competitive examination. If you pass, you then have three years of practical experience in different museums. Under Chastel, Mme. Cachin-Nora specialized in Post-Impressionism and prehistoric art, and also in religious problems in art, such as Jansenism. This is the extensive French way—including the religious-art problem—of trying out and choosing young people of highly responsive, broad intelligences for museum posts. The most vigorous training period Mme. Cachin-Nora underwent was in the Louvre's painting section. She worked on the Ingres exhibition team, she did a year at the Orangerie Museum in its Impressionist section, and then finally was sent to the Musée d'Art Moderne. Between times, during her studies, she wrote a book on Gauguin. The most famous French woman curator was Mme. Rose Valland, of the Jeu de Paume, who, during the Nazi occupation of her museum, secretly and patriotically kept track of where in Germany the Nazis were sending the French art, which made possible its postwar recovery.

AT this season, art shows proliferate, though of such high quality that their prices would preclude their having any ordinary relationship with *le Père Noël*. Many of these displays are simply a superior Parisian form of organized Christmas gaiety. As is usual every other year, the art collector Alex Maguy is offering for view in his Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré gallery his choice of seven—never more, never less—rigorously French canvases that rank as modern masterpieces, each rare because technically impeccable or perfected in some manner of color or line. There is a Manet portrait of a woman's auburn head and blue-coated shoulders, seen almost from behind as she stands on a beach below the scant red-roofed elements of some Atlantic town—a female portrait of touching intimacy and isolation, a portrait of a

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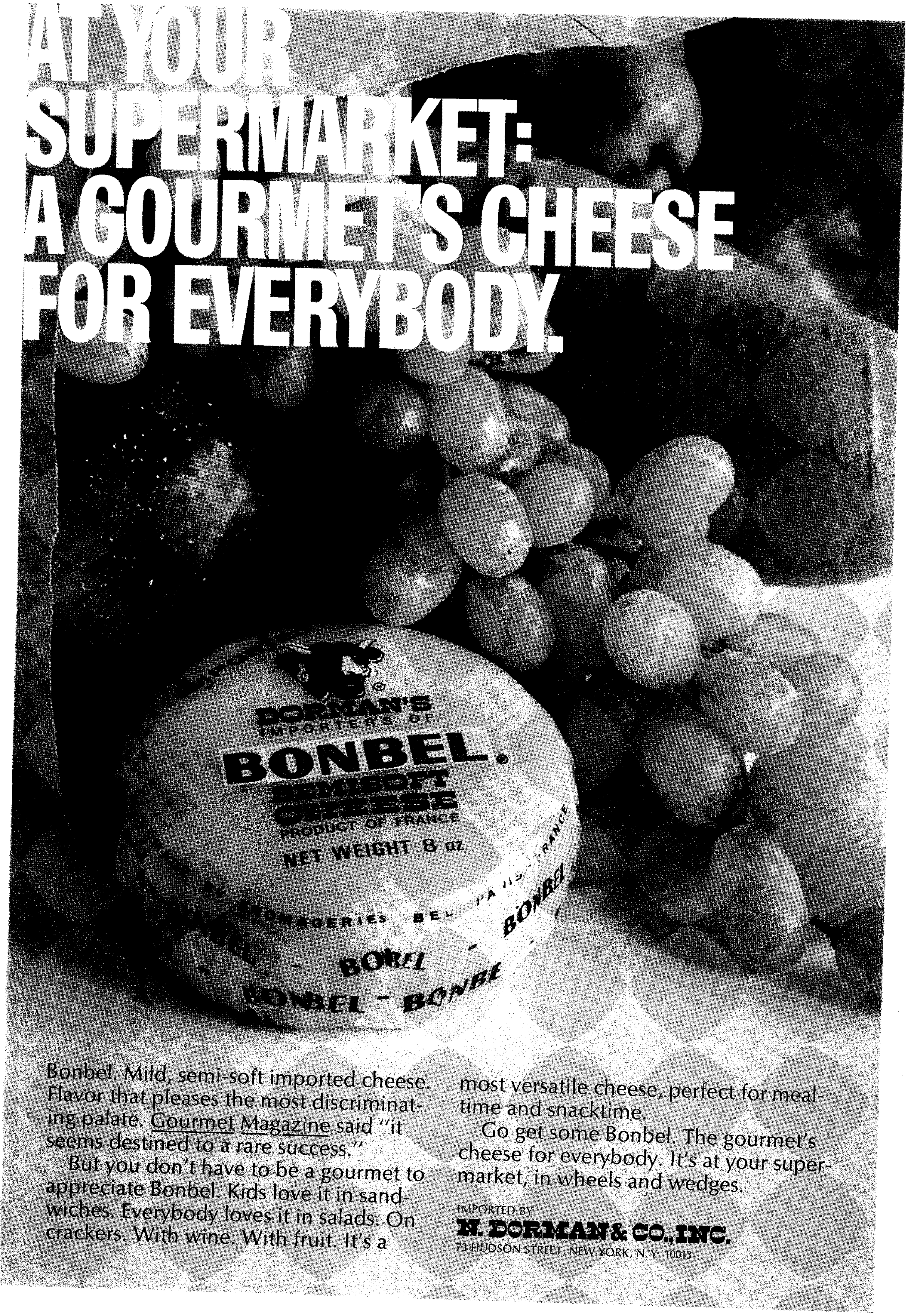
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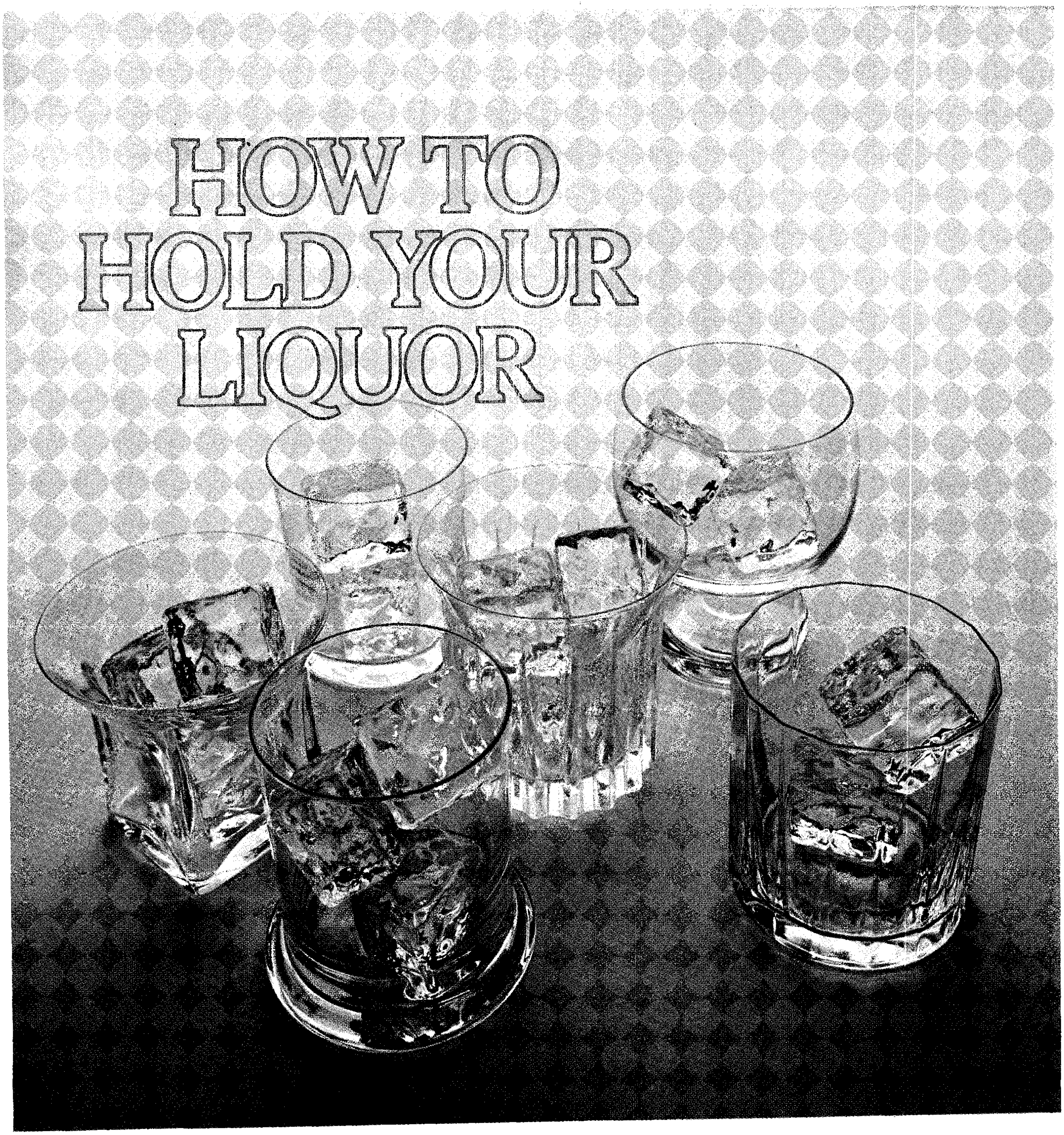

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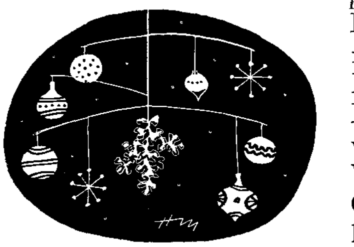
Frenchwoman whose family seems all of France itself. There is a Vuillard of exceptional rich parlor colors, with a kneeling female figure on the Persian carpet; a Sisley of tall poplars in spring-yellow leaf beside the river Loing; a gorgeous van Dongen of civilized savage colors, depicting a fake bouquet; a tubist Léger of what looks like acrobats on what looks like a horse; and a rich, impressive de Staël of large blue-and-white cubes on a red background—a great young picture by a great young painter who died before his time. And, finally, there are two van Goghs—one of a worker beside a clumsy weaving loom, and, most rare of them all, on its back a charcoal-and-paint sketch that is a self-portrait of van Gogh, sad-faced, already reminiscent of failure, seated by a little potbellied stove, his bearded visage like that of one of the Apostles.



The Picasso sold the other night at the Palais Galliéra auction rooms in the most notable art event of the season was the most important canvas sold in Paris in this now ending year. The event opened at four hundred thousand francs, and the international dealers present at once lifted the price by two hundred thousand—and then the melee began, with the upward thrust of prices and the clanking foreign voices of the bidders sounding like swordplay, for, after all, a fortune was at stake and would be fought for. As the offers passed to and beyond a million francs, a small silence seized the bystanders, as if the old-fashioned weight of the word "million" had squeezed the breath out of the French. When the gavel finally rapped on the table of the *commissaire-priseur*, the selling price of Picasso's "Bottle of Rum," painted in 1911, had reached one million one hundred and thirty thousand francs, or a bit over two hundred thousand dollars. Not a large picture, it is an interesting, if not beauteous, example of hermetic Cubism, developed by Picasso and Braque just prior to the summer of 1911, which they spent with their models, Fernande Olivier and Marcelle Lapré (whom Braque soon married), in the village of Céret, in the Pyrenees. Braque had taken his accordion along, and Picasso painted a handsome hermetic Cubist portrait of him playing, called "Accordionist." But, as was Picasso's habit, he merely wrote the name of the town on the back of the canvas, so a subsequent owner enjoyed it for years under the misapprehension that it was a Cubist landscape near Céret. "Bottle of Rum"—of a lovely, rich general brown color—could be taken to represent anything or nothing, its only identifiable realities being two large letters, "E" and "T," and, below them, a small, faint "R." In a way, it is a tragic picture, because of its sad early history. It was bought by Le Corbusier in November, 1921, at the second sale of pictures seized by the French government from the German-born Paris art merchant Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler during the First World War. The great Cubist pictures were knocked down, under government auspices, at pitiful prices, with small Braques going at the equivalent of seventeen dollars each. After Le Corbusier's purchase, his picture was never shown until it was displayed the other night in the Galliéra auction room, where it was carried around held high for general inspection. In its years of isolation, it seems to have achieved a certain elderly virginity, which doubtless made its price higher. It was one of the last examples of purely hermetic Cubism that Picasso painted, though both he and Braque (Braque especially) moved from there on into synthetic Cubism, led by Juan Gris, as the final example of the space-time continuum that the original Cubism had led to—or so Kahnweiler said a quarter of a century later, after that sad picture sale.

IT is rare in France that the Christmas season does not bring some sort of political event. This year-end, President Pompidou gave his first televised message to the country, delivered on Monday night, December 15th—the half-year anniversary of his assuming the Presidency of the Republic. He looked calm, was dignified, and spoke with precision. It was an adept political speech without unacceptable surprises, having the clear aim of healing splits in the Gaullist party and hoping, with determination, to hold it together, since it represents the Parliamentary majority. Above all, Pompidou spoke of himself for the first important time as "*Je*," thus personalizing his power and making clear that he is the *patron*, or boss, of France and of its government. This was seen by many of his listeners as a *rappel à l'ordre* to the Fifth Republic. The President spoke very openly to the student population and mentioned the

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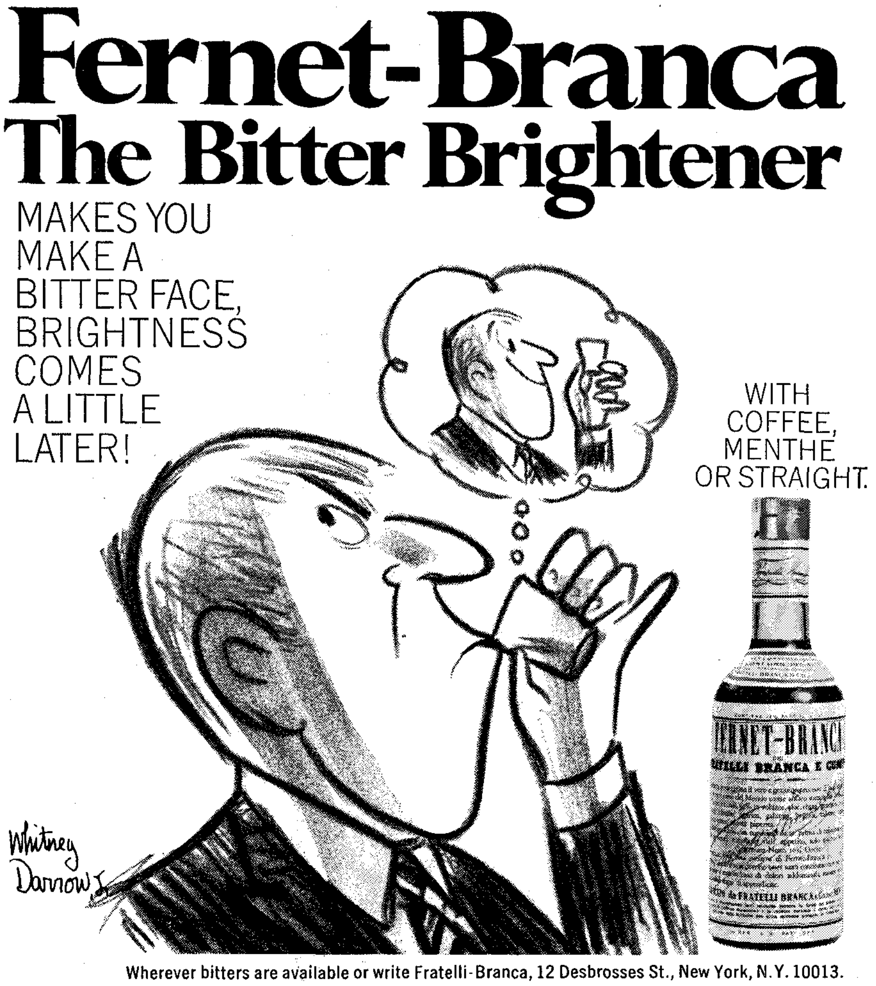

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enormous cost of the university system, which must be "the center of study and of work, not of disorder and of infantile jabber." This was popular with adult listeners. He also boldly gave a warning to the labor unions, saying that public services must function, that no one has the right to paralyze the entire country with strikes whose methods are unbearable and lie heavy on the lives of French citizens. (He will hear from the unions about this later.) As cover to his criticisms, he said that the owner class should not resist the present indispensable evolution, and should understand the need of reforming France's industrial organization "to permit a concentration of method, so as to produce better and more at less cost." For many of his listeners, the most important thing he said—if he does something about following it up, for they have heard some of it before—was that he accepted the reform of the O.R.T.F. (Office de Radiodiffusion Télévision Française), so long criticized as being simply a propaganda arm of the government. "I understand that news should not be deflected from its true meaning," he said, "and that our television and national radio should be *truly impartial and worthy of our* country, of which they are, and should be, the expression." Well, these are grand words. What the French want to hear is the proof of them when they start listening in 1970 to the French news programs.

THERE is an enormous crystal-beaded globe on top of the Printemps department store, with an occasional block of pale color in it, like a peaceful and pretty continent. It is something so lovely that children may remember it as a Christmas sight for many years in their coming lives. On the Champs-Élysées, the trees are strung with gold lights, which do not twinkle but glow steadily. They are beautiful to see. We hope you all enjoy a *joyeux Noël*, and we wish to all *une bonne année 1970.*

—GENÊT

•

Its main vignette will be a portrait of Daniel Webster, with Dartmouth Hall forming the background. A title, "The Dartmouth College Case" and "1819" will appear to the right of the three-quarter length portrayal of the distinguished attorney and creator of the dictionary that (with many years' development by others) still bears his name.—*The Times.*

A fellow named Noah Something had a finger in it.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

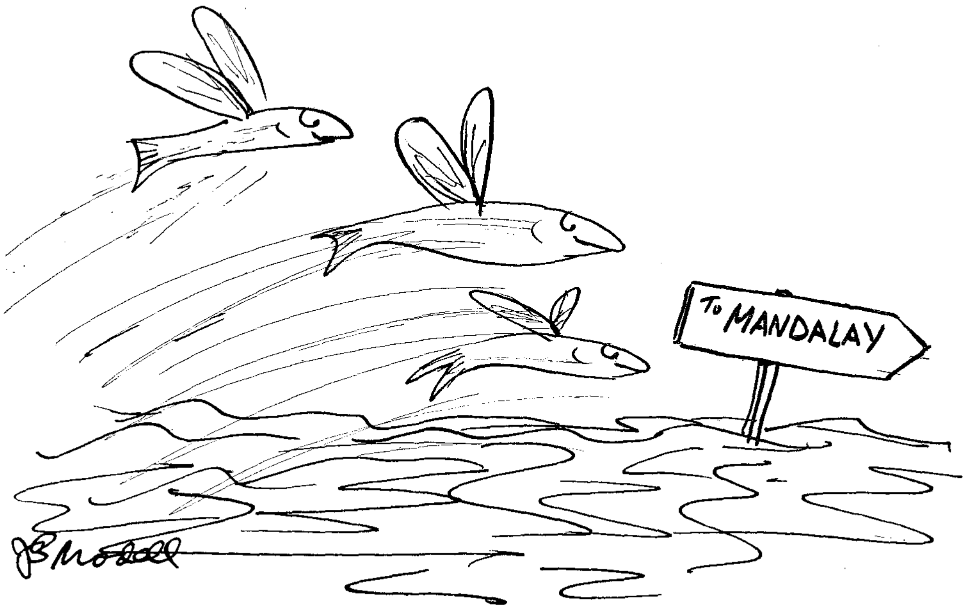
Americana

THERE was a moment early in "The Reivers" when I became rather apprehensive: Ned McCaslin (Rupert Crosse), Negro kin to a Southern white family, who hasn't learned to drive, takes the family's gleaming new 1905 Winton Flyer on a comically uncontrolled drive through town (Jefferson, Mississippi). It felt so much like those passages in old movies that embarrass everyone that I couldn't imagine what the moviemakers thought they were doing. But when the car comes to a halt, the family's white handyman and official chauffeur, Boon (Steve McQueen), is so beside himself with rage at Ned for endangering the car that he wants to kill him, and one can relax, because Boon, punching away at Ned, is furious without the slightest condescension. Then we remember that we are in William Faulkner country and that we need not have worried. Rupert Crosse's Ned is probably the best Negro character on the screen since Juano Hernández' Lucas Beauchamp in "Intruder in the Dust." Not that there haven't been marvellous performances by black actors (Sidney Poitier has been one of the best reasons for going to the movies these last two decades), but there haven't been *characters* one remembers, like Lucas and Ned—multi-dimensional, with individual sensibilities and temperaments, the kind of characters who suddenly turn facets to you that you hadn't guessed were there. Ned is a man of sudden impulses who takes sublime satisfaction in carrying them out. Crosse makes him immensely likable: Ned seems to skip through life without a care, in some bizarre way that captures the imagination. He's like a living, walking sense of humor. I had the illiterate notion that the title of the movie had something to do with threshing, or maybe husking corn, but it turns out to be a variant of "robbers," and the picture is about how Boon and Ned and another McCaslin, twelve-year-old Lucius (Mitch Vogel), steal that same yellow Winton Flyer—a dream of a car, magical then and now—for a trip to Memphis, Tennessee, the nearest sin city.

When the director, Mark Rydell, isn't sure how to do things, he overdoes them. He's good with the actors and he obviously loves the material, but he grabs at our emotions with arch closeups and forces the incidents to be too beguiling, so at times "The Reivers" seems to be rogue Disney. And the movie is sweet enough and rollicking enough without the score's constantly reminding us to appreciate how darling everything is; the music is like a fungus that cheeps and chirrups. But the script, by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr.—who tapped this popular vein in Faulkner ten years ago, with "The Long, Hot Summer"—has great charm, of the "Our Town" and "Ah, Wilderness!" sort, though the narration, by Burgess Meredith, in a jocular-avuncular style, is dismaying. It's identifiably Burgess Meredith's voice—so distinctively his that the fiction that it belongs to Lucius as a grown man is unacceptably artificial. It is perhaps the true price of fame that one cannot lose one's identity when one wishes to—though, indeed, Meredith carries on so characteristically that he hardly seems to be aware of any problem. As Boon's character never really emerges, it's fortunate that Steve McQueen is one of those rare modern actors whose presence carries the right kind of familiarity; he's ingratiating, and that's enough here. His harlot bride-to-be is played with a nice pungency by Sharon Farrell, who isn't afraid to give her role some contrasting elements. The madam of the Memphis whorehouse is played by the late Ruth White, and Juano Hernández himself turns up in a good small role as Uncle Possum.

"The Reivers" is marred by such instances of self-consciousness as Boon's saying to Lucius, "If you're going to reach your manhood, you have to say goodbye to the things you are and hello to the things you're not." It's as if they'd left in the "statement of theme" that's used to impress the money men. But the movie is a Faulkner comedy celebrating the fun of storytelling, and it's epitomized by Rupert Crosse's slightly snaggle-toothed grin. I wish "The Reivers" were better done, but it does make one feel good, and I respect it for not trying to evoke fake parallels with "today," for not trying to be "youth-oriented." Probably, in working on Faulkner's material, the moviemakers just naturally remembered that the young are *people* and will enjoy a good tall tale.

SURELY we've earned this bit of affectionate Americana; we have to have a little balance. If Americans have always been as ugly and brutal and hypocritical as some of our current movies keep telling us, there's nothing for us to do but commit genosuicide. That's what "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" suggests we should do. American self-hatred has reached such a point that the movies are selling it, and projecting it onto the American past as well as into present-day stories. The movie of "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?," for example, a hardboiled story turned into a macabre fantasy of the thirties, belongs to the same nightmare world as "Midnight Cowboy." At the movies this year, I've sometimes had the feeling that audiences respond so intensely and with such satisfaction to paranoid visions because they believe that America is collapsing and that they can't stop the apocalypse, so they might as well get it to happen sooner and get



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their fears confirmed and have it over with. They're on the *side* of apocalypse: since they feel it's all going down anyway, it seems to make them feel better to see these movies saying that it *should* go down, that that's *right*. And now here's a movie that goes all the way—turning white Americans into a race carrying blood guilt, a race whose civilization must be destroyed. "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" does not, however, use the currently fashionable idioms of America-the-horrible movies; it isn't in the fractured Modern Gothic style that is as sensational and overpowering as a trip through a madhouse. It is a solemnly measured Western with the thesis explicated by symbolic characters, allusions, and heavy ironies. In a very curious, ideological way—more forties movie than late sixties—"Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" attempts rationally to *prove* its apocalyptic message that we must all go down together in flames—because we deserve to. I think that for this message (which I find deeply questionable anyway) its technique is a mistake; when we're presented with an *argument* for the glories of Willie's self-destructive behavior, we reject it.

Onto the simple story of an Indian (Willie is well played by Robert Blake) in California in 1909 who kills another Indian, the father of his girl (she is not well played by Katharine Ross, though Lord knows what she should have done), the writer-director Abraham Polonsky has grafted enough schematic Marxism and Freudianism and New Left guerrilla Existentialism and just plain new-style American self-hatred so that every damned line of dialogue in the picture becomes "meaningful." There isn't a character who doesn't make points and stand for various political forces, and the sheriff (Robert Redford) is named Coop so that his actions will symbolize the ultimate cowardice and failure of the Gary Cooper hero figures. The movie is loaded with references to fears of a Presidential assassination, so we'll know that even in 1909 we were a bloody, brutal, violent, no-good nation, and the woman doctor (Susan Clark, whom I like less each time I see her, and I didn't like her to start with) who is superintendent of the reservation is a patronizing-to-Indians liberal—the ultimate villainess. Ashamed of her sexuality (like all liberals, in this schematic view), she is given such lines as—to Redford—"I use you the way you use me." (Most women in the audience will probably think, Lucky you.) The movie seems to be composed of a series of obligatory scenes: Willie goes to a bar in order to encounter racists and be insulted; the varieties of racists include Barry Sullivan, who tells us about the fun of stalking Indians and scalping them; and so on. While Willie is given a modern consciousness, the other characters are stuck with period attitudes and false postures that, in this symbolic context, make them seem like monsters, until, at the end, Redford, having shot and killed the unarmed Willie, has a big Lady Macbeth scene, trying to clean his bloody hands with sand. The picture is shot in an "artistic" style (color de-saturated for barren, dusty landscapes), and is paced deliberately, so that the meanings can sink in. The numbing hopelessness of an "Easy Rider" has emotional appeal; the irrationality and the cool, romantic defeatism are infused with an elegiac sense of American failure. It's easier to dismiss the programmed ideological negativism of "Willie Boy," which stays on a conscious (almost abstract) level while attempting to demonstrate that we are a nation with bad *instincts*. There's no *regret*—not even the facile tone of regret that made Peter Fonda's Captain America such a sham hero. And one resents being trapped in a picture that says there is no place to go but down when one doesn't believe it, even in the terms of the picture. The message is that compromise is unmanly, that it's better to die—which makes you a hero. It also says that since a black man (the Indian pretense isn't kept up for long) can't trust any white man—not even Coop—there can be no reconciliation of the races, so he should try to bring everything down. That is the only way he can make them know he was here. A strange contradiction, because there won't be anybody around to remember. "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" may look impressive abroad; in this country it's not likely to be very satisfying except to black kamikazes and to masochistic white Americans—the kind who want to believe that the corollary of "Black is Beautiful" is "White is Ugly."

IN the last couple of years, the *auteur* theory of the role of the movie director has, in the general press, evolved into its opposite. Originally, it was a defense of the studio system—and especially of such studio products as

Westerns and action pictures—on the ground that those directors who were artists transformed their assignments into works with a personal vision, that they were *auteurs* who could fulfill themselves within the commercial system. It was on the basis of this theory of the superior hack as hidden artist that the movies of men like Raoul Walsh and Samuel Fuller were acclaimed. But people interested in film don't read theoretical articles, so they took the *auteur* theory simply to mean what the word *auteur* suggested—that the director should be the "author" of the film, which is to say, in creative control of the picture. That, of course, is what those of us who argued against the *auteur* theorists' defense of the studio system have always believed. In fact, it's what just about everybody except the studio heads—and the *auteur* theorists—has always believed. By now, the term stands for almost nothing except the idea that the movie director is an artist. But in the reviews of movies there's still a residue of the original theory and its defense of the directors who go on making the same kind of picture in the same way year after year.

The comic underside of the *auteur* theory is that if a man repeats himself unconscionably, his readily apparent tired old gambits can be acclaimed as proof of his great distinctive style. And if he repeats himself to the point of self-parody, then there is the joy of perceiving the old master's brilliant new strokes. I once complained of an obvious backdrop in a street scene in Alfred Hitchcock's "Marnie" to an upholder of the *auteur* theory, who immediately said, "But you missed the point. It's deliberately bad. That's what is so brilliant about it." Hitchcock's new film, "Topaz," his fifty-first feature, is the same damned spy picture he's been making since the thirties, and it's getting longer, slower, and duller. "Topaz," which is even worse than "Torn Curtain," is in the same Red Menace genre, and though it is based on the Leon Uris book about the Cuban missile crisis, and is therefore said to have some basis in fact, I've seen more believable pictures set in Ruritania. The movie will probably be acclaimed as a masterpiece by those who think slow, awkwardly timed scenes and bad setups are deliberately bad; "Topaz" is full of them.

Alfred Hitchcock is an immensely successful, widely honored, rich, famous popular entertainer who has never aspired to be anything else. He used to be the master entertainer of the

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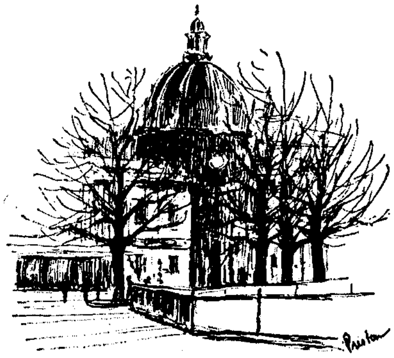

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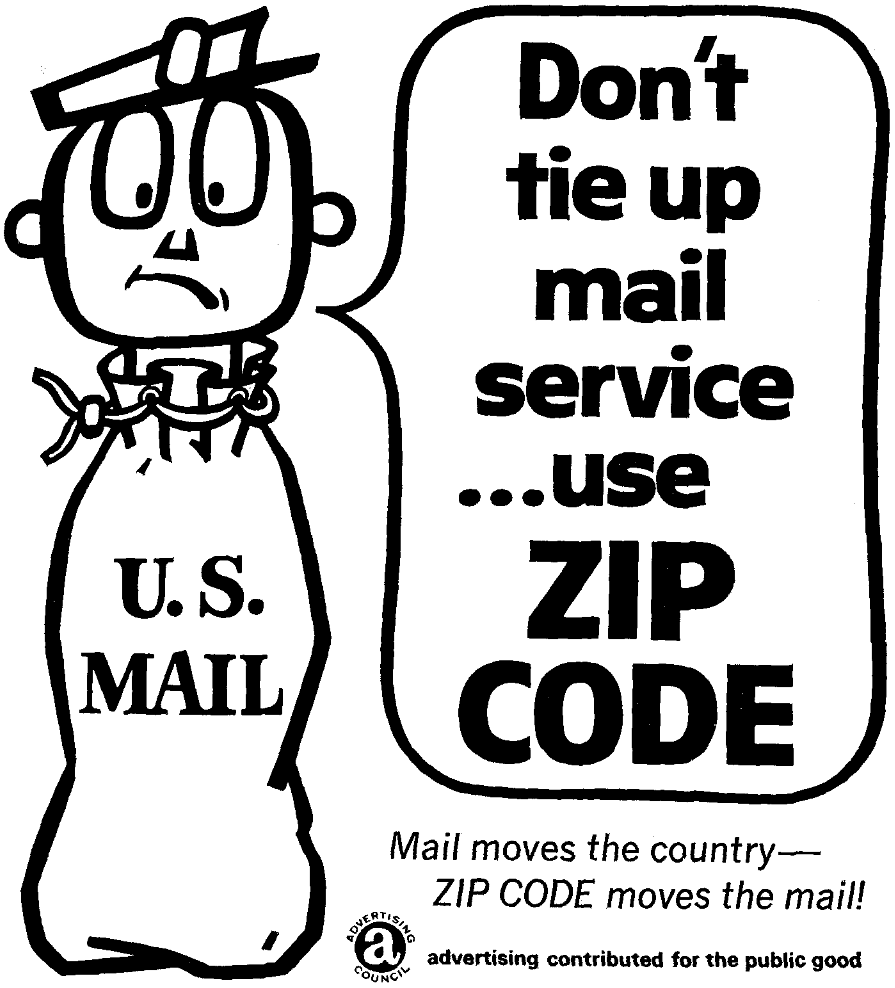
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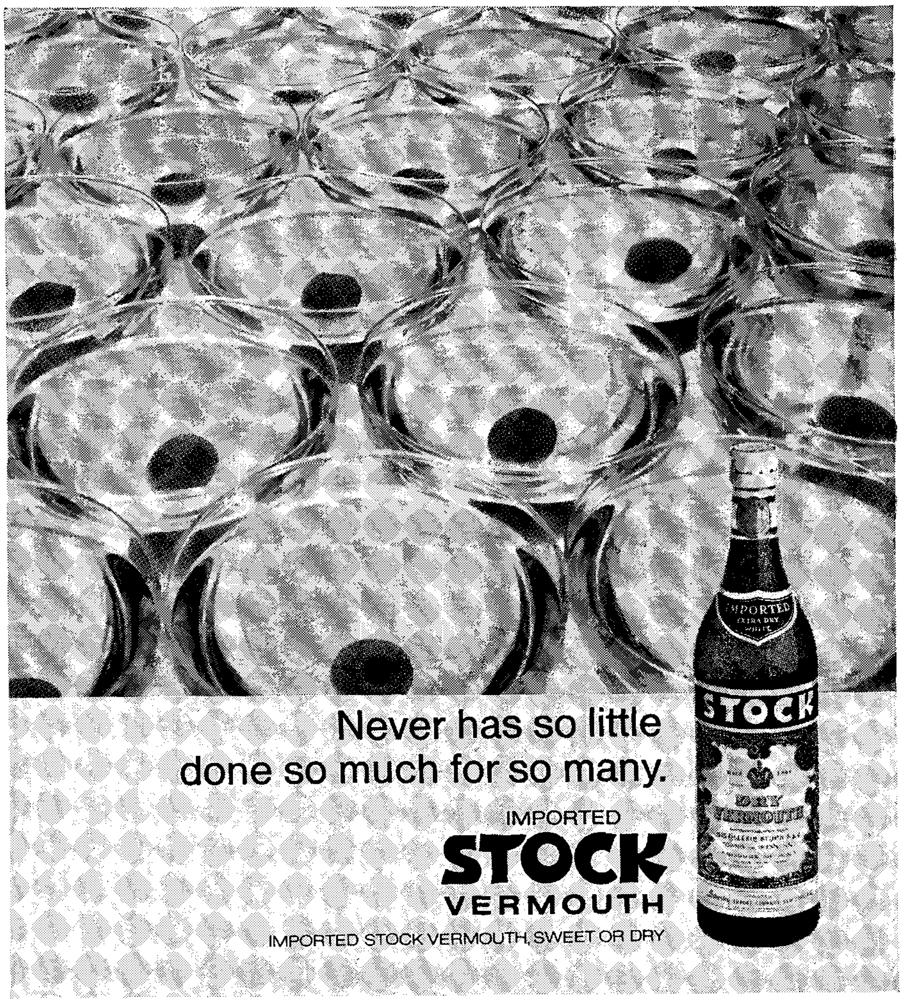
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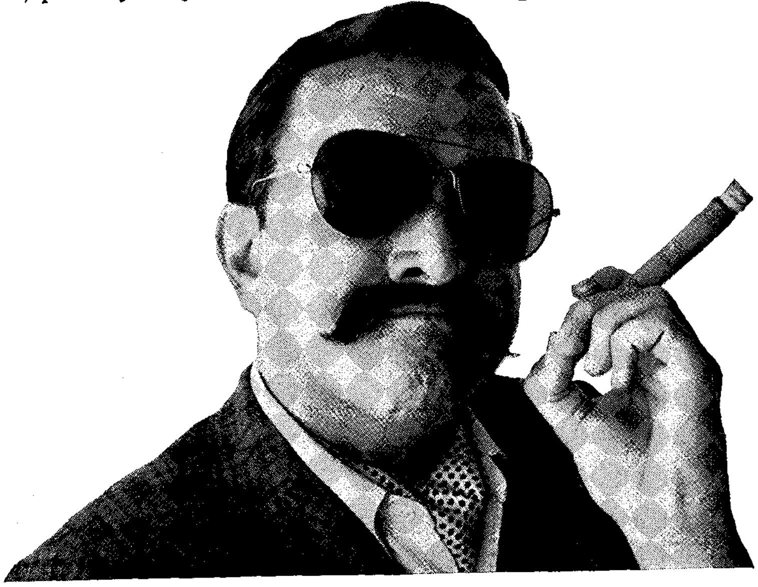
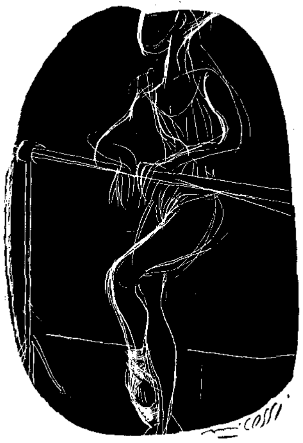


screen, because he could tease us so cleverly; we enjoyed being wittily manipulated to be tense and afraid and expectant. The plots were usually fantastic, and "the MacGuffin"—what the thieves or spies were after—was a mere pretext for the chases and excitations and thrills. He gave pleasure to the world. But now that he no longer gives pleasurable excitement there are no other dimensions to his work; there is not even "craftsmanship." What tends to happen in the case of commercial moviemakers is that they become deadened to their times and to new work in movies and the other arts; they repeat their old successful subjects and formulas, with diminishing visual interest and with less ingenious editing. A singer with almost no voice left can give a concert that is a triumph of "musicianship" over nature; even a Pop singer who loses his voice has his "style" to draw upon—his timing and phrasing and showmanship. And this, though not in such a strikingly obvious way, is what happens to actors and actresses who have learned enough to sustain their careers after their youth and looks are gone; frequently they become better actors because they *must*. But successful movie directors generally deteriorate, not only because of physiological processes but because success has overprotected them, so they don't recognize how their work has declined. Rich, and cut off from the influences of their youth and the pressures to explore new ideas, they go on doing the same old things, which younger men have already taken from them. The embarrassment of "Topaz" is that Hitchcock is lazy and out of touch. I think he really expects us to identify with the waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the United States; he really expects us to accept the creaking late-late-show romances, and the Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and all the people who look like cutouts and behave like drab, enervated versions of spies in his earlier, better films. Per-Axel Arosenius, Michel Piccoli, and Philippe Noiret have a few moments, and Roscoe Lee Browne, looking like a dark-skinned Richard Roud, does an amusing turn, but most of the others waste away in their roles. The ideal decent, dedicated American secret-service official is John Forsythe, Mr. Soft Voice himself, the incarnation of effortless, gutless acting. The actors seem to have been selected to be stereotypes, but what Hitchcock thinks they represent may be a long way from what they mean to us.

—PAULINE KAEL

MUSICAL EVENTS

Words and Music



EVERY few years, a new view of the great Ludwig van Beethoven is presented by some biographer or other. The views are always different, and that is not surprising, because Beethoven was an extremely complex and in certain ways mysterious personality. Not long ago, Editha and Richard Sterba presented a psychological portrait that made him rather a monster. Later on, an affectionate biography by his friend, Anton Schindler, who offered the opposite kind of picture, made its first appearance in English. Now we have "Beethoven: Biography of a Genius," by George R. Marek (Funk & Wagnalls), which, taking the middle path, presents its subject as a believable human being, though a human being of remarkable qualities. Beethoven, according to Marek, was a true son of the Enlightenment, and the author is at considerable pains to put his subject in his proper setting, noting that he was deeply inspired by the ideas of Rousseau, Voltaire, the French Encyclopedists, Goethe, Schiller, and all the other men who were raising the curtain on the Age of Reason. Marek also portrays his hero as a great intellectual. This point requires explanation, for Beethoven was not a very articulate man with words. He couldn't spell, either, or add up figures with any facility. Moreover, literary men do not customarily consider musicians intellectuals; the qualities of the musical intellect elude them. But Marek leaves no doubt about Beethoven's profound learning and his sensitive reaction to the scene about him, whether it involved science, philosophy, or politics. His handwriting may have been poor and his spelling worse, but he was an omnivorous reader, acquainted with the whole literature of his time, much classical literature, and even Sanskrit and Persian literature, which was just beginning to be translated into European languages during his lifetime. He also knew Latin. He was not exactly a democrat in the modern sense, but he believed strongly in an aristocracy of brains and achievement. If he dedicated his "Eroica" Symphony to Napoleon, it was because he considered Napoleon Austria's liberator from the Habsburgs. When Napoleon declared himself emperor, Beethoven *did* tear up that title page. Then, later on, his "Fidelio" was widely regarded as a protest against Napoleon, and Beethoven did nothing to alter this impression.

Marek makes it quite clear that Beethoven was no misunderstood genius. From the time he settled in Vienna, at the age of twenty-one, he was a tremendous public celebrity, sought after as an improviser and piano virtuoso as well as a composer. He was lavishly supported by stipends from nobles of the Austrian Empire, and he made money from his compositions. If he was gruff, quarrelsome, and disorderly in his habits, it was not because of poverty; his mind was on other things. He was the first true Romantic composer, and he had in his makeup both the rational political idealism of the Romantic movement and the streak of mysticism and soul-searching that went with it. He was the first composer who thought of himself as an artist rather than a craftsman, and he was proud of his art and his involvement in it.

The two mysterious and never completely explained features of Beethoven's life—his peculiar attitude toward women and his attachment to his nephew, an attachment that resulted in bitter lawsuits over the nephew's custody—are considered rationally by Marek, and in this connection he has been able to dig up documents (some of them from libraries in East Berlin) unknown to any of Beethoven's previous biographers. Beethoven's erotic instincts were strong. He fell in love with one aristocratic woman after another, and evidently consummated affairs with several of them. But his affairs were extraordinarily secretive, and his public pronouncements about sex were extraordinarily puritanical. The women were all noted for intellect as well as beauty and charm—Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, Countess Josephine Brunswick, Countess Maria Erdödy, Bettina Brentano, Therese von Malfatti, and Dorothea von Ertmann, wife of an Army officer. Marek's candidate for the object of the famous letter to the "immortal beloved" is—after some elaborate sleuthing—unequivocally Dorothea von Ertmann. As for his attachment to the nephew, which brought about the nephew's attempt at suicide, Marek sees nothing pathological about it at all. He admits that Beethoven was a domestic tyrant, a puritan, a hater of loose women, and a difficult man to get along with, but he remarks that other men have been domestic tyrants, too, and brings up the example of Tolstoy. Altogether, and with due allowance for the prestige of Alexander Wheelock Thayer's biography, the first exhaustive one on the subject, this is probably the most thorough and convincing study of Beethoven, and it is likely to remain so for many years.

ZEITGEIST history, or the interpretation of all historical phenomena in terms of the time in which they occurred, is popular today among musicologists. It is, I think, an idea that is damaging to creative artists, because it puts them in the position of fulfilling a supposed historical destiny instead of expressing themselves. But it is a perfectly valid method for historians, and it makes a perfectly dandy system for a man writing a beautifully illustrated book on the relations between music and the arts of painting and architecture through the centuries. Such a book is Alan Rich's "Music: Mirror of the Arts" (Praeger). If only for its reproductions of tastefully chosen art works, it is a stunner. And Mr. Rich's text—or libretto, one might call it—is intelligent and authoritative. I confess to some prejudice against the method. I can find transhistorical analogies between Stravinsky and Byzantine mosaics, and between baroque architecture and the symphonies of Anton Bruckner, and Mr. Rich's analogy between Chopin and his contemporary Corot—on the ground that the piano pedal had introduced the idea of blurring into music while Corot was painting shadowy pictures—doesn't convince me a bit. (What about Rembrandt, who was painting shadowy pictures two hundred years before?) Yes, the method can be faulty. Still, as I have said, it is a valid way of looking at the history of art, and it does now and then turn up rather striking similarities. At any rate, there is no question but that the painting of any period helps put one in the mood for its music.

COINCIDENTALLY, there have just arrived on my desk two books about two of our finest symphony orchestras—"Those Fabulous Philadelphians," by Herbert Kupferberg (Scribners), which is about the Philadelphia Orchestra, and "Gentlemen, More Dolce Please!," by Harry Ellis Dickson (Beacon Press), which is about the Boston Symphony and its greatest conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. Mr. Kupferberg's book is the more thorough one. His sketches of the orchestra and of its two most famous maestros, Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy, are vivid. I only wish he had dwelt more on that businesslike, efficient, almost scientific rehearsal method of Stokowski's, which permitted him to go over exactly those details of a score that he knew would present difficulties and to leave everything else unrehearsed, to be pulled together by the power of his podium personality during the concert itself. Mr. Dickson has the authority of a man who actually spent three decades in the Boston Symphony, much of this time under Koussevitzky. His study of Koussevitzky's personality and methods is trenchant, humorous, and splendidly written, and though he portrays his hero as a slightly stuffy and pompous figure he convinces the reader that Koussevitzky was one of the greatest conductors of all time.

JOHN BRIGGS' "Requiem for a Yellow Brick Brewery" (Little, Brown) is that "other" book about the old Metropolitan—not the one that contains all the dates, names, and financial statistics but the one that tells all the backstage anecdotes, that resurrects the old house with a spirit of nostalgia, and that conveys charmingly one man's impression of the grandeur and magic that once existed at the corner of Thirty-ninth and Broadway. Everything is there, from J. P. Morgan to the Penguin Club, a bachelors' institution that kept a box to itself, for which it dressed in full regalia on certain nights of the week.

There is a third edition of Jacques Barzun's "Berlioz and the Romantic Century" (Columbia)—a monumental two-volume book that you may or may not agree completely with. To balance it, there is a new translation of "Memoirs of Hector Berlioz," edited by David Cairns (Knopf), one of the most amusing autobiographies ever written by anybody inside or outside music. . . . For the sober-minded, William S. Newman has brought out "The Sonata Since Beethoven" (Chapel Hill), a scholarly study full of musical illustrations. . . . "The Music Merchants," by Milton Goldin (Macmillan), is a fascinating account of the history of the interesting gentlemen, part idealists, part gamblers, who have managed musical attractions in America, from Toto Davis and Charles Boudousquie, gamblers on opera in New Orleans in the middle of the nineteenth century, down to the present, when most such activities, with the exception of those of the indestructible Sol Hurok, have become more or less institutionalized. The book is crammed with unfamiliar information.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

ROCK, ETC.

Stranger in a Strange Land

COLORADO SPRINGS

THIS town is an uptight military reservation. In the vicinity are an Army base, an Air Force base, the United States Air Force Academy, and the combat-operations center of the complex radar-defense system known as NORAD. The local economy is dominated by the military, and the population consists largely of service families, active and retired. The Springs is said to have more Minutemen than any other city in the United States. Because of the presence of Colorado College, a small, non-volatile, upper-middle-class institution, long hair and weird clothes are a familiar sight here, but the older residents seem able to tell students, whom they don't take seriously, from full-time heads and politicos, whom they regard as a threat. Usually, the hostility is masked by elaborate small-town courtesy, but the mask drops often enough to make dissidents chronically wary. A while ago, some friends of mine from the Springs' small radical community decided to take a walk in the snow at two in the morning. A block from their house, two young cops stopped them and threatened to arrest them for not carrying identification. After all, what were they doing out at that hour? Visiting their dope dealer, no doubt. Nothing really happened. It was just a little reminder.

There is another, pleasanter side to Colorado Springs. To the west, just a few minutes' drive away, are the mountains. It's a tonic to wake up in the morning and face Pikes Peak, which looks a little different every day, as the weather changes. The air is clean and sweet-smelling (at least, it seems that way to an expatriate New Yorker; the natives are grumbling about too many cars' causing air pollution), and when the sun comes out after a snowfall the town looks like a Christmas card. The environment provides a continuing natural high, and

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the slower pace of life provides the time to indulge it. If you can get your mind off the military, it is easy to live in the moment in Colorado Springs, to enjoy simple things. In fact, you have to; there are few complicated things to enjoy.

My reactions to music, and to rock in particular, have always been very much influenced by the context in which I hear it—by the place, by the people, by the medium (records, radio, dances, concerts), and by the variety of music available at any given time. During the past few years, my usual context has been New York City. Because all kinds of music, live and recorded, are so easily accessible in Manhattan, I was becoming increasingly selective about what I wanted to hear and less and less patient with sounds that did not immediately reach out and grab. For me, rock music, to avoid being lost in New York's sensual bombardment and becoming just another city noise, had to be sophisticated, tough, and strong in conception, which is to say very Pop. In recent months, in Colorado, my attitude toward rock has changed a great deal. I have new needs that music can fulfill, and some of the old needs are at least temporarily absent. Right now, I am closer to the ecstatic blues freaks at the Fillmore East than I have ever been before. And though I will never really be where they are—and don't particularly want to be—I've learned some important things about music and about my own head.

The most significant change in my perception is that I am much more involved in music as pure noise, which means that although I am by no means completely uncritical, I am more willing to follow a song where it leads and suspend judgment for a while—practically all noise is interesting in some way. When I first came here, a few months ago, I was listening to a record, almost subliminally following the various instruments and doing a little creative drumming with a pencil and an album cover, when I suddenly realized that what was playing was the Vanilla Fudge's "The Beat Goes On," which must be one of the worst albums ever made. At the same time, I realized that it didn't much matter; I felt like drumming anyway. In the last couple of months, I have begun to enjoy the Crosby, Stills, and Nash album, which I had dismissed as too polished, too sentimental, and too soft, in the Simon and Garfunkel manner. Now the romanticism of songs like "Judy Blue Eyes" and "Marrakesh Express" doesn't bother me; if anything, it strikes me as a positive quality. I am also more receptive to white blues. I couldn't listen to the Blind Faith album in New York; now I listen to it fairly often.

One reason for these changes is my social and political isolation. Rock, however ambiguous it may be as a revolutionary force, does hold the culture of social rebellion together, and in a town where you can be busted for walking down the street in long hair music is a powerful reminder that you are not as alone as you feel. It was this need to be part of the national counter-culture that drew kids from all over the country to the Woodstock festival. In New York, a second-rate white blues band may sound like Mantovani next to B. B. King, but here white blues means kicking out the jams, affirming solidarity with the brothers and sisters out there somewhere. Ironically, many black people here are fascinated by white longhairs, aspire to be "hippies," and identify with white head music. For me, at this point, rock—any rock—has such positive associations that whether it is good or bad is secondary.

The other crucial factor is that Colorado Springs is quiet, both literally and spiritually. My choices don't have to be as rigorous, simply because there aren't a thousand different stimuli competing for my attention. I have time to relax and float downstream. I don't have to be in any special place, physical or mental. Which in itself is a nice place to be—for a while, anyway.

—Ellen Willis

• •

QUARRY

While I unwind duration from the tongue-tied tree,
Send carbon fourteen down for time's address.
The old revengeful without memory
Stand by—
I come, I come that path and there look in
And see the capsized eye of sleep and wrath
And hear the beaters' "Gone to earth!"
Then do I sowl the soul and slap its face
That it fetch breath.

—Djuna Barnes

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QUEEN OF VISCEROTONIA

So many publishers to whom I have sent a synopsis of my first venture into science fiction have dismissed it on the ground that all the action takes place in the year A.D. 1970 at a church bazaar in a small village hall in Wiltshire that I feel compelled to write a word of justification. The traditional belief that it is necessary to go to Pluto and beyond, or to the year 2500 and beyond, or preferably both, in order to chill and stimulate the reader with the possibilities of scientific discovery is muddleheaded and insulting. As all science-fiction readers must know, the Earthmen who operate in this futuristic environment, though notably well equipped with electronic aids, lasers, buzzers, thought-interpreters, and time-shifters, are in themselves simple and as dull as ditchwater. You might think that science had found out nothing about the real nature of Earthmen in the last hundred years; take away their apparatus, and Trollope would have been quite at home with any of these interplanetary voyagers. The fact is that scientists and sociologists, with their genius for classification and categorization, have discovered (more particularly in the last decade or two) that there are Beings here on earth, whole tribes of them, every whit as gruesome as any Krog or Glumph that ever came loping through the methane gas on Jupiter. Why, in my very first chapter, set in the church hall at Compton Strangeways, we find the Viscerotonics massing, intent on . . .

No, it will be simpler, I think, to begin with a list of the dramatis personae of my book and let them speak for themselves:

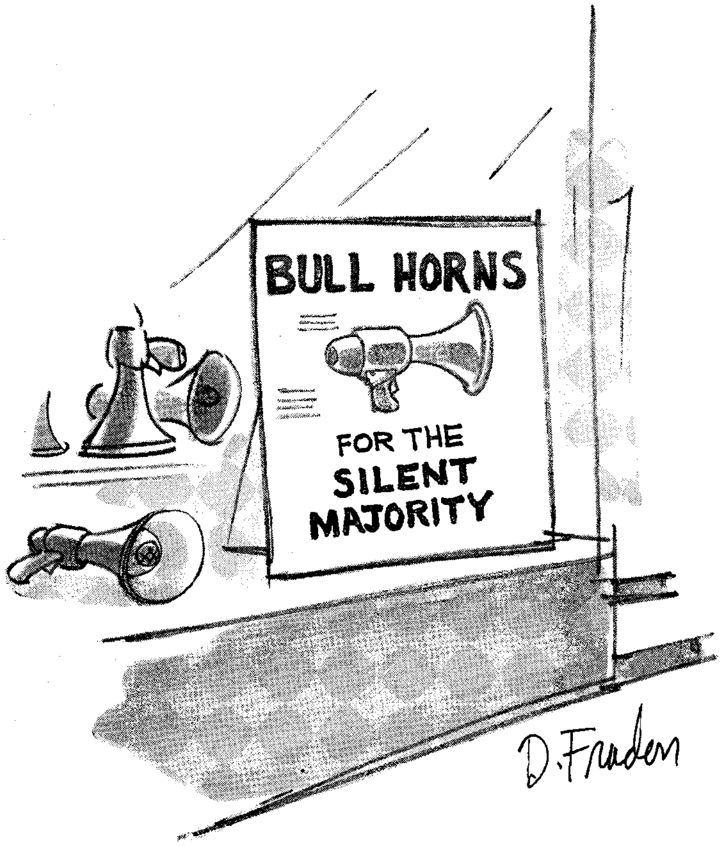
Jack Peters. Hero. An extrovert somatotonic who wears his genes with a difference. He is assisted by

The Narrator, a quick-witted endocrinologist who has been at his side in many a ticklish brush with this or that manifestation of Glandular Man.

Endomorphs, Mesomorphs, and Ectomorphs, in plenty. The author is indebted for these nauseating creatures to Dr. W. H. Sheldon, who, some twenty-five years ago in two volumes scandalously ignored by S.F. writers, distinguished these hitherto undetected physical human types, together with the temperamental patterns—respectively viscerotonic, somatotonic, and cerebrotonic—proper to each. The endomorphic physique is dominated, as will appear excitingly in Chapter II of my book, by its digestive tract. Ectomorphs have slender bones, stringy muscles, and "a short and thin-walled gut," while the skin of mesomorphs is "coarse and leathery, tans easily, and sets in deep folds and creases at a comparatively early age." When we turn from physique to temperament, the horror deepens. Viscerotonics make a fetish of eating. "The somatotonic individual [I am quoting now from the late Aldous Huxley, who boldly plunged into this morphous jungle in Dr. Sheldon's wake without so much as a nuclear pistol to defend himself] is always an extrovert" and "pursues his trampling course through external reality with an effortless callousness." Somatotonics cough, speak loudly, and snore. Cerebrotonics abhor noise and suffer from skin eruptions. Conflicts, both internal and external, are bound to arise. Mesomorphs under pressure may act viscerotonically. Cerebrotonics sometimes snore. (Here we are in the realm of bovarism, dysplasia, and perhaps gynandromorphy.) The opportunities for vivid fiction are immense. Nor should it be forgotten that even cerebrotonics have glands. What happens, then, when a pituitary-type viscerotonic clashes with an unusually leathery mesomorph? The answer will be found in Chapter VI.

The Necrophiles. These abominable people came under notice at the time of the last Presidential election, when they were sniffed out by Dr. Michael Maccoby, of California, under the guidance of Dr. Erich Fromm, of New York. Necrophiles prefer what is dead or mechanical to what is alive, and favor tighter controls, more police, and Richard Nixon. They are constantly in conflict with the Biophiles, who lean toward life, progress, nursery rhymes, and a guaranteed income for every American, and consequently get short shrift in my story.

Bio-Rhythmic Man. An awkward character, being at once elusive and all-pervasive, but a controlling factor in the development of the action in Chapter IV. Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, of Berlin, was the first to peddle what is called the Individual Bio-Rhythmical Cycle, and he may well have to be brought in as a subsidiary character to explain it. This cycle starts at birth and is really a three-wheeled affair, consisting of a male cycle of twenty-three days' duration (with its high point in the middle), a female cycle of twenty-eight days, and an intellectual cycle of thirty-three days. The result is that plumb in the middle of every twenty-three days of his life each man is at his best for energy, courage, and endurance; in the middle of every twenty-eight days he is as sensitive, artistic, and cheerful as he can ever hope to be; and in the middle of every thirty-three he reaches his apex in the field of intellectual power, alertness, and presence of mind. These are biological truths at least as stimulating as lunar-module boots, and any S.F. writer neglects them at his peril. When the peaks of all three cycles coincide (a calculation of some complexity, necessitating the introduction of the sinister Computer Joe on page 96), Bio-Rhythmic Man



is quite as remarkable a force as ever spoke from the heart of Professor Hoyle's Black Cloud.

The Reverend Anthony Budd, whose mother was frightened by a swing door during his formative period, thus distorting his male cycle into an ellipse; his dominating Wife (herself dominated by a digestive tract of almost interstellar length); and add a slightly narcissistic Miss Pringle, who runs the fruit-and-pet stall.

And, finally, a mixed crowd of Hidden Persuaders, Waste Makers, Manic-Depressives, Heteroscians, Troglodytes, etc., who complete a cast that can be relied upon to provide a feast of scientific surprises and genuine down-to-Earth spine chills.

Now, with the stage at last set, we may plunge ahead at random—let us say to Chapter IV, a scene that occurs shortly after the Vicar has declared the bazaar open.

In God's Name, What Are They?

"Is she going to buy it?" I asked anxiously.

Jack Peters, his face tense as he crouched at the controls of his encephalograph, cautiously applied an electrode to the woman who had paused at our cake stall, and shook his head as he glanced at the telltale recording pen. "See the shock waves as she notes the prices?" he murmured. "A pronounced Gynandromorph, I should judge, with some deep-seated, conflicting visceral trauma, perhaps the result of a pin-money deficiency in childhood. Ah, Vicar!"

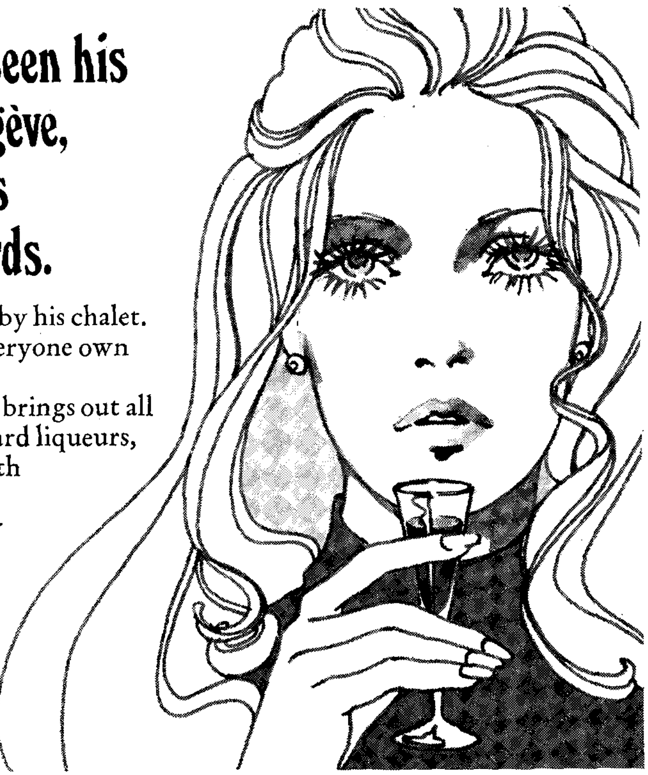
The Reverend Budd had disengaged himself from a couple of enlarged Thyroids and now drew attention to his presence at our elbow by a loud cough which sorted ill with his slender bones and stringy neck muscles. "Business is bad," he said. "We shall never save the church roof at this rate. Even the Benares candlesticks are hanging fire."

Peters gave him a level look. "You consulted the Parish Register, I take it, before fixing the date of this Bring-and-Buy?"

"The Parish Register, Mr. Peters?"

"Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, of Berlin," Jack began sternly—but the tenor of his reply was lost to me, for at that moment I caught sight of Miss Pringle boldly making her way toward a small body of Necrophiles who were crowing and slavering with delight over a collection of old non-stick saucepans, brass-handled fire irons, and other inert objects on the household stall. It was Miss Pringle's palpable intention, as she thrust forward with powerful swings of her markedly pituitary posterior, to try to interest these macabre creatures in one of her vegetable marrows or, perhaps more dangerous still, a budgerigar.

There was not a moment to lose, and with a muttered apology I strode away and contrived, at some personal cost, to divert the insensate woman by myself purchasing a quantity of carrots, thus in the nick of time averting what might



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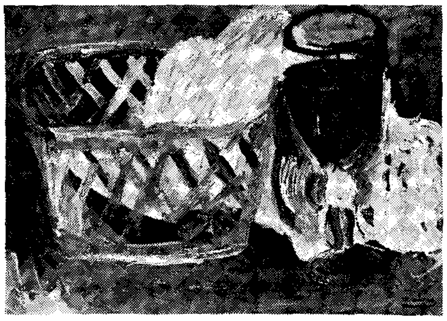

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have developed into a bio-necrophilic clash of incalculable consequences. The crisis was over in less time than it takes to tell, so that on my return to my stall I found Peters still explaining to the Vicar the enormity of the latter's error in failing to check the birth dates of his parishioners and thus calculate the time at which the majority of them would be at their peak, bazaarwise.

"It is my belief," he was saying, "that more than half the hominids here today are at a disastrously low ebb in at least two of their three cycles. Vagueness, meanness, lack of dash, insensitivity to appeals, and inability to snap up bargains inevitably characterize them. Coupled with an evident shortage of amino acids, this portends—"

"I never thought of that," confessed the Vicar, turning sadly away.

"The man's gut is ridiculously thin-walled," remarked Peters contemptuously. "So it is up to us, once again."

I know of no man who, at his dysplastic best, could hold a candle to Jack Peters in the matter of assuming, at need, the cerebrotonic mantle—even when, as a stream of sympathetic figures from Computer Joe told me was now the case, all his three cycles were against him. With hardly a pause, he began to outline a sales-promotion plan that set my biophilic juices racing. "By thunder, Peters!" I cried. "Your rate of secretion—" But, happening to glance down the hall at that moment, I broke off and grasped him roughly by the arm.

"Look, Jack," I hissed. "Over there, by the door!"

Loud-voiced, heavy-boned, and muscular, the hulking figures that had just shouldered their way in were enough to shake the nerve even of a trained neurologist. Their coarse leathery skin hung in folds from their insensitive chaps, like the wings of some obscene bat. For an instant, as these nightmare creatures advanced toward us with raucous coughs and sneezes, all my glandular savoir-faire deserted me, and I could almost have believed them to be intruders from an outer planet. "Who— In God's name, what are they, Peters?" I cried.

"They're Mesomorphs," he rasped. "Get Sheldon, quick!"

But it was the Vicar's wife who saved the situation. Herself the uncrowned Queen of Viscerotonia . . .

The thing writes itself, really—given a proper insight into the infinitely hideous complexity of Earthmen. The only difficulty, as I have hinted, is to find a publisher with the guts to take it on. They seem to be an ectomorphic lot, as thin-walled as any vicar.

—H. F. Ellis

•

Jon Black, 22, son of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Black, 411 south Jefferson street, accepted a position with the American Broadcasting Company in New York City. He will work as a studio engineer for CBS.—*Fremont (Ohio) News Messenger.*

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BOOKS

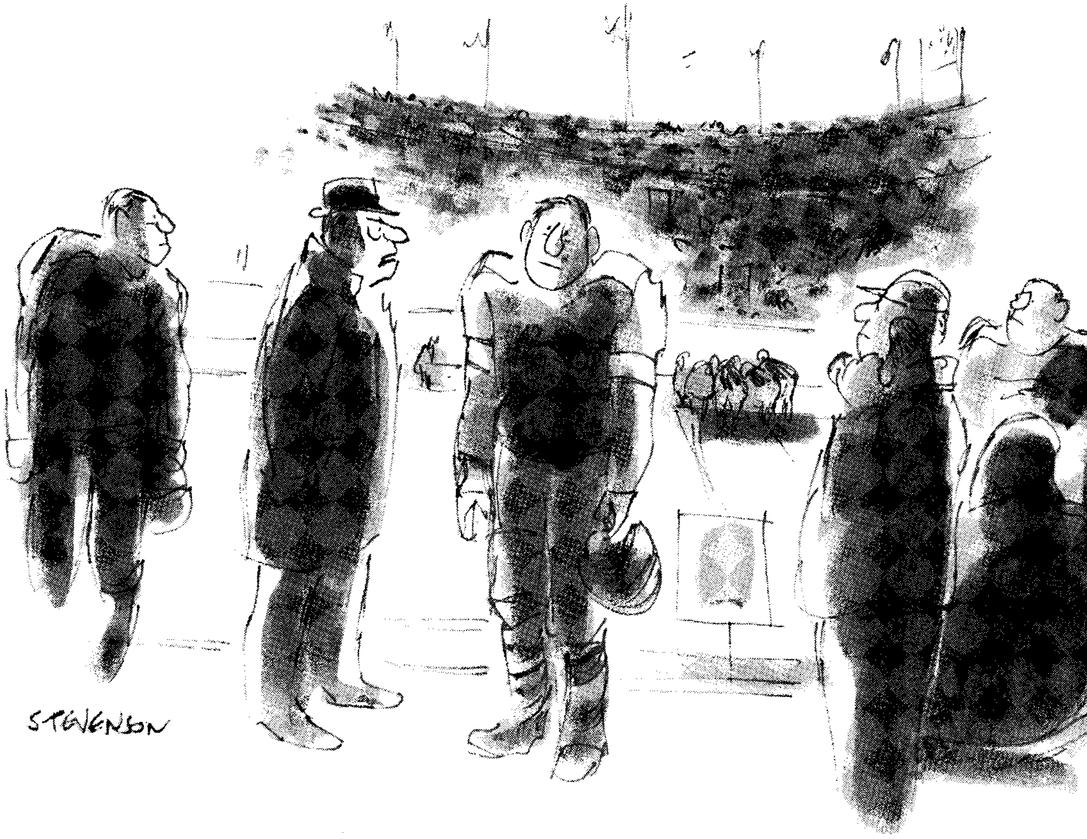
Television Makes the Man

“SHOULD advertising be used in politics?” David Ogilvy asked in his witty, iconoclastic, and endearingly self-advertising autobiography, “Confessions of an Advertising Man,” in 1963. “I think not,” he answered himself. “In recent years it has become fashionable for political parties to employ advertising agencies. In 1952 my old friend Rosser Reeves advertised General Eisenhower as if he were a tube of toothpaste. . . . Whenever my agency is asked to advertise a politician or a political party, we refuse the invitation. . . . The use of advertising to sell statesmen is the ultimate vulgarity.”

If the unthinkable is possible, it is because of a peculiarly American talent for bringing it about at once and making it thinkable afterward, sometimes simply by having set a precedent. As soon as the ultimate weapon is stockpiled in our arsenals, we itch to try it out, and usually do. In the beginning, radio and television were used quite literally to amplify a series of set political speeches by the leading candidates. Given a speaker of the art of Franklin Roosevelt, radio could extend his hold on the electorate. Given an icon of the magnitude of General Eisenhower, television could insure his election simply by duplicating his physical image—and never mind the words—for an audience to whom that image was already a received idea. Today, the way television is used to offer a choice of candidates increasingly suggests the Miss America pageant. The contender, titivated to within an inch of his humanity, parades his charms before the public and woos it with a demonstration of his talents. Unfortunately, both his charms, however winsome, and his talents, however genuine, are often totally irrelevant to the office of the Presidency, as the charms and talents of a Miss America contestant are irrelevant to the life of American women.

Joe McGinniss, a twenty-seven-year-old former newspaper reporter and columnist, has written a sensationally but, I'm afraid, aptly titled book about this new phenomenon in American politics. “The Selling of the President 1968” (Trident) is his insider's account of how a group of skillful advertising and television specialists engineered Richard Nixon's television campaign last year. McGinniss apparently got to be an insider simply by telling Nixon's television people that he wanted to write a book about the campaign; if one considers the Nixon camp's history of bad press, it's easy to see why his advisers would leap at the offer of a book-length treatment of their efforts, especially since it could not appear until long after the campaign was over. I feel that McGinniss must have been perfectly fair and aboveboard in his approach to the Nixon people and in his own actions in the course of the campaign—except, perhaps, during a Nixon appearance in Philadelphia, McGinniss's own city; for this occasion, he recommended a panelist on Nixon's question-and-answer program who, it turned out, was the toughest and most embarrassing opponent the candidate encountered on any of his shows. One wonders whether McGinniss briefed the man beforehand.

None of this speculation about the author's role impairs the value and importance of his book. He has written an admirably clear and brief account of the whole Nixon television campaign, from its beginnings in philosophical position papers largely inspired by the disjunctive *éclaircissements* of Marshall McLuhan to its telethonic climax in Los Angeles on Election Eve. It indicates that the chief intent of the television advisers and technicians was to replace the baleful image of the Old Nixon—cold, distant, minatory, punitive—with a bland and casual new one. This was to be done by question-and-answer shows all over the country; the candidate would field the genuine and unrehearsed questions of a picked panel of average citizens in the presence of an uncritical and adulatory audience. With six or seven rather unsophisticated questioners and an audi-



“Have you gone nuts? One hundred and fifty computer-programmed plays to call in the book, and you say, ‘Everybody run downfield and I'll heave one.’ ”

EXECUTIVES...

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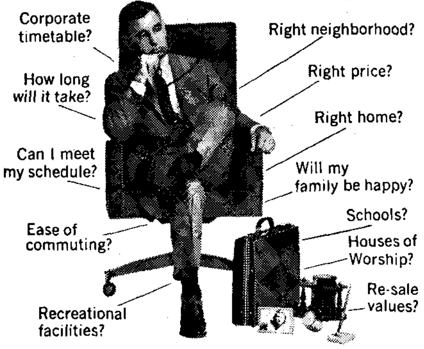
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ence guaranteed to cheer his answers, Mr. Nixon ran no great risk of damaging himself. His answers contained little of substance and nothing of newness, and his stand on the issues was not pertinent to the presentation; his mentors encouraged ambiguous and equivocal answers into which any segment of the electorate could read its own opinions. The real point of these shows was to present a New Nixon (though that expression was forbidden in his headquarters), who could be warm, easy, relaxed, and confident before his questioners and his electors. And this aim seemed to be achieved not only by the programs but by a series of supplementary forty-second and one-minute commercials in which Mr. Nixon, whose face never appeared, read a very general and rhetorically dramatic statement about one of the issues while the camera studied a series of still photographs of the people and events involved in that issue. Both words and pictures were hackneyed and predictable (the producer of the films angrily resented the substitution by the Nixon people of obvious pictures for subtle ones in every single commercial), but that, naturally, was what was wanted—to lull, not to shock and alarm.

In developing his story, Mr. McGinniss also develops the characters of the Nixon people with considerable skill; we understand both the mechanics and motivations of the campaign and the psychology of the men who ran it. As a bonus, we get a set of dramatic and ludicrous incidents that rise above the level of anecdote because the participants are people we already know and understand. This novelistic method adds a good deal to the book, and so, conversely, does a set of internal memos and campaign documents. My only serious reservation is that Mr. McGinniss, whose repugnance at the distortions of the image-making process is abundantly evident, sometimes goes beyond legitimate editorial comment to speculate moralistically about his characters and their actions, both of which surely speak clearly for themselves. For example, he remarks that "there was, apparently, something in Richard Nixon's character . . . which craved regulation, which flourished best in the darkness, behind clichés . . . some part of him that could breathe freely only inside a hotel suite that cost a hundred dollars a day." A smaller cavil is that McGinniss now and then writes portentous short sentences in portentous short words, in the manner of Jimmy Breslin or an ad for *Jock*. Nonetheless, it's a good book.

How to handle candidates decently on television? As McGinniss points out, it is the business of television to create celebrities; virtually anyone who receives prolonged exposure is expected, and therefore often designed, or reshaped, to become one. But the qualifications of a celebrity are opposed to those of a good candidate. The well-qualified celebrity has good or at least distinctive looks, glib and amusing speech, and an uncomplex talent that gratifies great numbers of unwary people. The well-qualified Presidential candidate need not possess any of these attributes. In their stead, he must have a deep knowledge and experience of statecraft; a keenly logical ability to penetrate difficult, clouded subjects and form opinions on them; the ability to deal with his peers, often world leaders of the greatest acumen and subtlety, not to say ruthlessness; and the ability to state his decisions and goals to the people in simple, pithy, cogent words.

We are clearly not going to make this man a winning television personality, if only because he would refuse to be manipulated. Nor are we going to prevent the television experts from glamorizing his inferiors in the future. Barring the simultaneous emergence of two opposing candidates whose dignity and integrity would preclude their celebritization—a historical and mathematical conjunction of staggering unlikeliness—we will see more candidates chosen for their star quality and turned overnight into stars by television. Our only hope is a new generation of voters—college-trained, versed in the issues, practiced in dissent, mistrustful of established power and influence, intolerant of deception—to dissolve the shabby song-and-dance disguises of the politically unfit as they appear on television, and to call to power the quiet, able men who have too often waited in the wings of American Presidential politics; that is, a new, discerning audience to combat the new technique of selling Presidents. That audience is on the way; I hope it will arrive in time.

—L. E. Sissman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TREPLEFF, by MacDonald Harris (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This curious and wry tragicomedy concerns a successful psychiatrist with a beautiful wife, two well-adjusted children, and a cruiser on Lake Michigan. He finds that passion is the only therapy he can honestly offer an unhappy young female patient. His wife, who earlier seemed devoted, divorces him when the scandal breaks, the girl's father sues, and the doctor's license is revoked. The doctor is dazed and, except for a Dacron suit and money for a first-class one-way passage to Europe, uncluttered. Without possessions or love, he feels apathetic, anesthetized. On the boat, he meets a middle-aged, vaguely demented widow with porcelain skin and an infinite wardrobe. By chance, he becomes her gigolo. He lacks the emotional energy to exploit or rebel, and she cares a little less for him than for her Balmain originals. Their dreamlike odyssey through Paris, Florence, Rome, and Salt Lake City ends in appropriately gloomy absurdity.

Fire from Heaven, by Mary Renault (Pantheon). In the latest and possibly the densest of her passionate and painstaking stories about the ancient world, which are a genre unto themselves, Miss Renault chronicles the first twenty years of Alexander the Great. He grew up amid the murderous plots of his maenad mother against his father, Philip of Macedon, who, if a despicable man, was an admirable warrior. Arrian and Plutarch guide this picture of Alexander's Spartan infancy, his precocious diplomacy, his pride, his genius as a commander, his taming of his horse Boukephalos, and his love for his lifetime companion Hephaistion. While Aristotle teaches and Demosthenes orates, Macedon wins Greece in tribal skirmishes and sieges, and in pitched battle with Athens and Thebes. We see the groundwork laid by Philip's court, his conquests, and his army for the very personal empire building of his godlike heir. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Great Heads, by Kenneth Tindall (Grove). A first novel about American expatriates in Denmark, including several young men in the narcotics trade who seem to be eventually revealed as the same young man; a college girl who is seduced by him (or them) with the aid of hashish crumpets; and a Danish wife who has an affair with him (or them) and suffers tragically. This proposition is not in itself hopeless, and the writing shows some skill, including an occasional lyric freshness, but it is all buried under ten tons of wildly unconvincing teen-age orgiastic garbage. Published in Denmark in 1967, perhaps at the instigation of the Danish Tourist Bureau.

GENERAL

The Limits of Intervention, by Townsend Hoopes (McKay). A brilliantly related account of the development inside the federal bureaucracy—indeed, inside the Pentagon—of a resistance to Lyndon Johnson's quest for military victory in Vietnam. Mr. Hoopes, a middle- to upper-echelon bureaucrat throughout the postwar period (with occasional time out for private undertakings), served as Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense of the International Security Affairs division at the Pentagon during the early Johnson years, and then, in 1967, became Under-Secretary of the Air Force. From the onset of Johnson's escalation, he was a skeptic about the entire enterprise, regarding the war as probably unwinnable, and in any case unworthy. His skepticism turned to bitter distaste, out of which grew a true missionary zeal to turn the policy around. Although—as he explains and as we have all known for some time—it was Clark Clifford who counted the most in influencing Administration policy in 1968, it was Hoopes and a few others like him who helped to persuade Clifford even before he took office as Robert McNamara's successor, and to Hoopes should go enormous credit for having told the story here. It is one that greatly enlarges our knowledge of what political scientists call "the decision-making process," and one that makes absorbing as well as instructive reading. It will be said, of course, that nothing of moment was accomplished, since we are still in the war and evidently doomed to be in it for quite a while longer. This is true, but the point is that, had it not been for Clifford and Hoopes and the rest, the war—or at least our involvement in it—would have become half again as large as it has been in recent years. For what they succeeded in doing was to kill a recommendation by the Joint Chiefs to dispatch another two hundred and six thousand men to General Westmoreland's command—that and putting an end to the bombing of North Vietnam. It was no small accomplishment, and this account of how it was done is probably the

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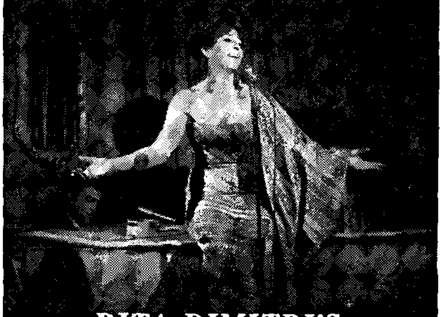

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Oscar Wilde, by Philippe Jullian, translated from the French by Violet Wyndham (Viking). A towering Bavarian castle of a biography by a writer who specializes in the rich, gamy life of the turn of the century. M. Jullian is clear-sighted yet sympathetic, judicious in his judgments, and so witty on his own that poor Wilde and his friends get rather left at the post. The author concludes that Wilde's tragic self-destructiveness at least saved him from living on to become a tame jester of the Establishment, on the order of Cocteau. Mrs. Wyndham, the translator, who is also a biographer and is connected with the Wilde circle through her mother, Ada Leverson, has added some information on her own. An utterly engrossing and stylish biography. Illustrated.

Encounter with the Middle East, by Winston Burdett (Atheneum). The Mediterranean correspondent of C.B.S. News proves himself to be a writer with a clear, chipper style, which makes his account of a terrible situation—the Arab-Israeli impasse—about as pleasant reading as the subject allows. Mr. Burdett expounds dispassionately the original tangle of rights and claims to the Holy Land that led to the war of 1948. When, however, he moves on to more recent events—especially to those that led to the 1967 war—he is quite angry at the Soviet Union, which egged on and lied to its extremist protégés among the Arabs and made armed conflict inevitable. His eyewitness details are persuasive, and so, alas, are his depressing prognoses. Ten dollars.

Tides of Fortune, 1945-1955, by Harold Macmillan (Harper & Row). These political memoirs are fascinating. Macmillan writes very well, and he has much to tell—both a political success story (the Conservative revival after the Party's stunning defeat in 1945) and a story of a failure of statesmanship (how it happened that England did not get into Europe before the Six locked her out). He has delicious anecdotes to illustrate the personalities of European and American leaders; indeed, he is a magnificent appreciator of other men—his political opponents (Aneurin Bevan), his beloved chief (Winston Churchill), and his old comrades in arms (Dwight Eisenhower). When the book closes, Macmillan has no inkling that he will ever become Prime Minister; he has agreed to the request of the then Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, to leave the Foreign Office after a very brief stay and go to the Exchequer—a change that, Macmillan says, made him unhappy, because the summit of his political ambition was a few years as Foreign Secretary. Though he is proud of some of his achievements, especially his work as Minister of Housing, he has a total lack of self-centeredness as an autobiographer. It is an attractive trait, and, besides, it gives personal recollections the scope and scale of history. Fifteen dollars.

The Enlightenment: An Interpretation. Volume II: The Science of Freedom, by Peter Gay (Knopf). Professor Gay continues his copious, distinguished account of the achievements of the Enlightenment, discussing a number of diverse fields, ranging from art criticism to economics. He is a discriminating partisan. He sees that the Enlightenment included a host of individuals in different circumstances and of diverse temperaments (Kant was not a bit like Rousseau), and he tries to describe each man and his contribution exactly. What do they have in common? In Professor Gay's opinion, the intellectuals of the Enlightenment were all both symptoms and causes of a widespread "recovery of nerve;" that is, of confidence in human beings' ability to solve human problems—a confidence, he feels, that Christianity had all but destroyed. Ten dollars.

Note: An index to every factual article, piece of verse, work of fiction, book review (of more than fifteen lines), and theatre and cinema review that has appeared in this magazine from its first issue, of February 21, 1925, through its issue of February 10, 1940, has been compiled by Dr. Robert Owen Johnson and published by the Scarecrow Press under the forthright and rather flattering title "An Index to Literature in The New Yorker." Only a few of the magazine's departments, mostly dealing with relatively transitory matters (e.g., Tables for Two, Football), have been excluded. Further volumes are in prospect. Fifteen dollars.

•

To prevent silver from spotting after-washing, take time to dry the flatware with a soft sloth.—*Cape Cod Standard-Times.*

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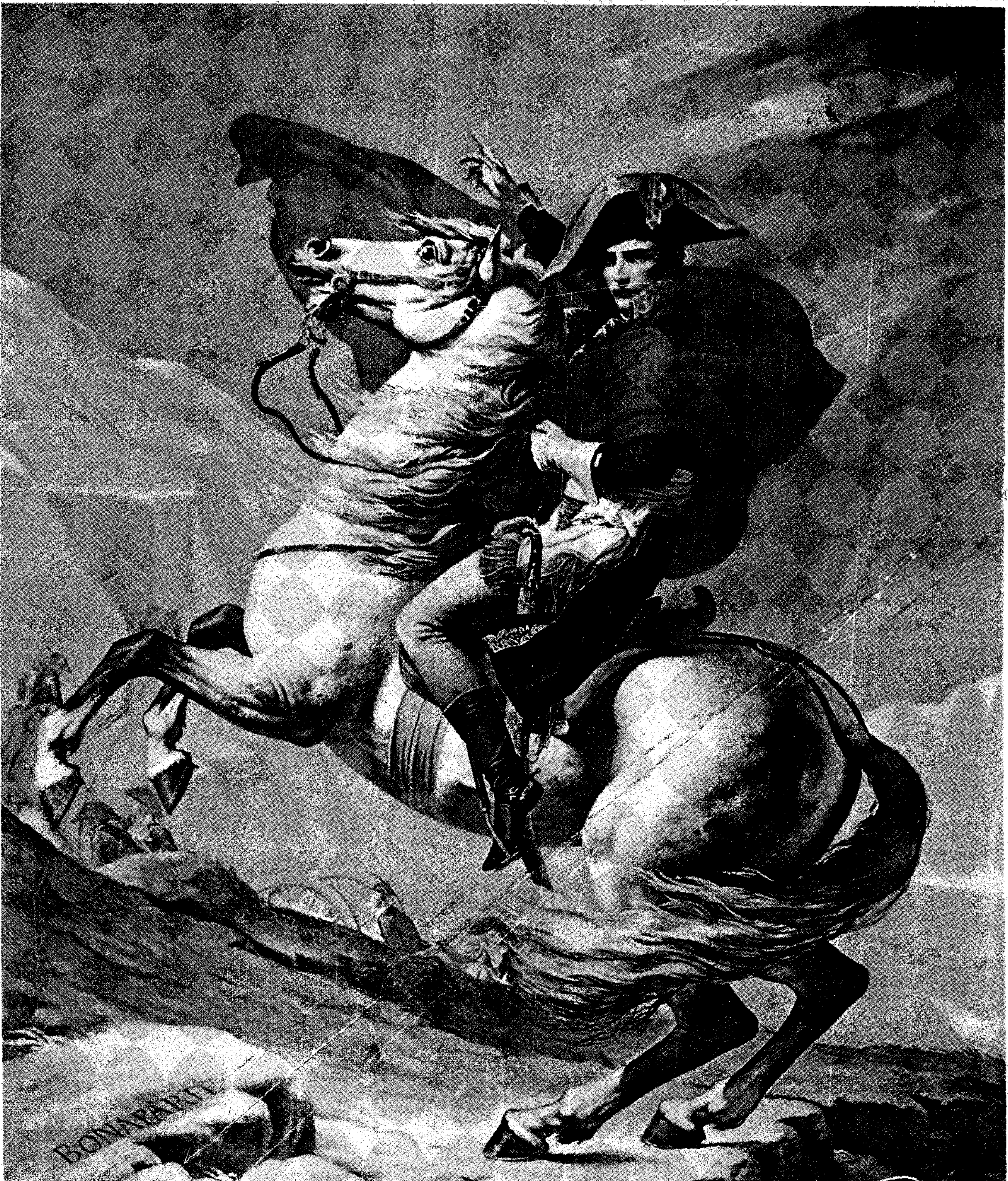
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